The Enterprise.

VOL. 6. SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1901. NO. 40.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.

5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:12 A. M. Daily.
12:48 P. M. Daily.
4:51 P. M. Daily.
5:54 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.

6:45 A. M. Daily.
7:19 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
4:06 P. M. Daily.
7:05 P. M. Daily.
12:20 A. M. Sundays Only (Theater).

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

Change of Time Which Went Into Effect February 5th, 1900.

Cars leave Holy Cross.....6:49, 7:13, 7:37, 8:01, 8:16 A. M. and every 15 minutes thereafter until.....3:31 P. M., 3.45, 4.01, 4:17, 4:33, 4:49, 5:06, 5:21 and every 15 minutes thereafter until.....7.51 P. M., 8:09, 8:21, 8.39, 8:51, 9:09, 9:25, 9:49, 10:21, 10:53, 11:23.

All cars run direct through to new Ferry Depot.

First car leaves Baden Station 8:52 A. M., and every 15 minutes thereafter until 6:10 P. M.

Time cards can be obtained by applying to conductors or office at 30th St.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m., to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m., to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M
From the North	7:35	4:20
" South	——	5:05

MAIL CLOSES.

	A. M.	P. M.
North	8:50	12:30
"		4:35
South	7:00	——

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck.....Redwood City

TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain.....Redwood City

TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger.....Redwood City

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock.....Redwood City

ASSESSOR
C. D. Hayward.....Redwood City

COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
M. H. Thompson.....Redwood City

SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield.....Redwood City

AUDITOR
Geo. Barker.....Redwood City

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....Redwood City

CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe.....Redwood City

SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert.....Redwood City

BREAD TRUST FORMED EAST.

A National Company is Incorporated to Control the Industry.

New York.—A bread trust is the latest thing in the trust line. There was incorporated in Trenton the other day the National Bread Company, the immediate ambition of which, according to one of its stockholders, is to control the bread output of New York city, Jersey and Newark, and eventually to control the bread-making industry in all the more important cities of the United States.

Already several of the larger city bakeries have been absorbed by the national organization. The capitalization of the new company is $3,000,000, and it is said to have behind it a number of well-known capitalists. Ex-Judge Augustus Van Wyck is its attorney.

The National Bread Company aims not only to consolidate all the large baking firms, but it will use a new bread-making machine, which kneads bread without handling and at the same time increases by 30 per cent the weight and size of a baked loaf with the same quantity of flour.

Talk of a New Monte Carlo.

"Budapest papers are filled," says a dispatch to the Daily Express from the Hungarian capital with accounts of a project said to have been promoted by American financiers for the creation of another but more luxurious Monte Carlo on Magarethen island opposite the upper end of the city in the Danube."

Russians Attacked by Thibetans.

London.—"The Russian Government has been advised," says a dispatch from St. Petersburg, "that 2000 Thibetans July 16th attacked Major Kosloff's expedition of twenty men, half of whom were shot down and the others severely wounded. The Government will demand satisfaction.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

Important Information Gathered Around the Coast.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A Summary of Late Events That Are Boiled Down to Suit Our Busy Readers.

Olympia City Council recently paid smallpox bills amounting to nearly $1400.

A rich strike is reported in the old Blue Dragon mine near Elk City, Idaho.

The Skagway-Moore township case has been referred to the land office at Sitka for a rehearing.

The Puget Sound canneries have already put up at least 100,000 cases, and expect to have a good average pack.

A party of Oregon Agricultural College men has gone to gather fossils in the famous beds of the John Day region.

Piles for Mare Island, Cal., are being cut on the Santiam. The sticks are from 42 to 80 feet long and several thousand will be shipped.

A 25,000-gallon tank reservoir has been set up at Clyde, in Eastern Washington. Water will be hauled there from Riverside and sold at $1.50 per 1000 gallons.

One Charles Murphy was arrested at Juneau and given ten months on two charges of petty larceny. When in jail Murphy kept his hand in by robbing his fellow-prisoners.

Several fields of oats on the old Indian reservation in Beeman county, Idaho, show an average stand of five and a half feet, and are expected to harvest nearly 100 bushels to the acre.

The Rainbow mine, in the Pend d' Oreille district, Wash., smelted 12 tons of ore which gave from 57 to 158 ounces of silver to the ton. This whole mining section is reported as prosperous and busy.

The Census office bulletin shows that there are in Idaho 54,969 persons of school age 5 to 20 years, inclusive, of whom 53,261 are white and 703 colored. Of the latter but 69 are negroes, the remainder being composed of Chinese, Japanese and Indians.

Large beds of clear mica have been found in the northeastern part of the Kootenay country, Wash., opposite the mouth of Wood River. The mineral can be traced for 200 yards on the surface. New York capital is interested and machinery will be put in to work the find.

J. P. Stanley, a well-known collector of Indian baskets and curios, has sold his splendid collection of baskets to Mrs. Phebe Hearst. Mrs. Hearst will donate the collection to the State University Museum. Dr. Philip Mills Jones secured the collection for Mrs. Hearst.

A big sea lion made trouble for some salmon seiners on the Desdemona sands, near Astoria, recently. When entangled in the net he chased the crew up the sands and then returned to fill up on salmon. The men had no firearms, so the animal ate all he cared to and broke away. Another of them attacked a seiner on Sand Island and the man had a hard time escaping.

Jonathan Milligan, who died recently at the Providence Hospital, in Seattle, was one the largest men in Washington, standing six feet eight inches in his stockings and weighing about 300 pounds. He followed the logging business a number of years, and, because of his great strength and endurance, was considered the best chopper in the Northwest. He was at one time a member of the Snohomish police force.

Prospectors working on the Colville reservation have had a good deal of difficulty in locating the boundary line between Canada and the United States. To prevent further trouble of that kind the American Government has a force of surveyors clearing a line between Midway and Cascade. The boundary is being cleared of timber and brush for a width of about 15 feet, so that there will be no trouble hereafter in discerning it.

A serious question has arisen in relation to the payment of royalty on the copyright on "McMaster's History," which the State Board of Education adopted some time ago for the schools of the State of California, having asked Attorney-General Ford's opinion as to its authority in the matter. But it forgot to ask him his opinion as to how the royalty was to be paid, and there seems to be no money available for it. The matter is now under consideration by the Attorney-General with the prospect that the adoption of the history may have to be postponed till the next Legislature meets.

Some $25,000 is to be spent on the portals of the Great Northern's Cascade Tunnel. They will be beautiful as well as of use.

A MEMORABLE MEETING HELD.

The Settlement of the Indemnity to be Paid by China.

New York.—A cable from Peking says: A memorable meeting of Ministers was held the other day, it being announced thereat that eleven governments had agreed that the indemnity to be paid by China should be 450,000,000 taels, and that the security would be the salt tax, the native customs and an increase in maritime customs to an effective 5 per cent. The prinnipal of a Chinese loan to pay the indemnity will be payable in 1940. Chinese bonds will be accepted at 4 per cent. Individual claims have not yet been determined. A full protocol for the signatures of the Ministers is now being prepared. It is hoped to have it completed in time for its signing by Rockhill, American Special Commissioner, and M. de Giers, retiring Russian Minister.

Peking.—The Ministers of the powers after the meeting dispatched a note to the Chinese peace commissioners, formally accepting the recent Chinese offer, which was in anticipation of the Ministers' plan for the payment of 450,000,000 taels, as indemnity at 4 per cent interest, the final payment to be made in 1940. The total payments of principal and interest will be 1,000,000,000 taels.

Unless China in the meantime incurs other obligations, she will be free of foreign debt in 1940. The Ministers of the powers are hopeful that the protocol will be signed in a fortnight.

The subjects of punishments and examinations were practically closed the Ministers accepting the Chinese statement of what has been accomplished as the best settlement obtainable, although not satisfactory.

STEPS TAKEN FOR PREVENTION.

Resolutions Adopted at the Congress on Tuberculosis.

London.—At the final meeting of the congress on tuberculosis held recently, under the presidency of Lord Derby, resolutions were adopted in favor of legislation toward the suppression of expectoration in public places, and recommending the notification of the proper authorities in cases of phtnisis and the use of pocket spittoons, asserting that these sanitary provisions were indispensable in order to diminsish tuberculosis. A resolution was adopted expressing the opinion of the congress that the health officers should continue the effort to prevent the spread of tuberculosis through milk and meat, and that, as doubts concerning human immunity from bovine tuberculosis, raised by Dr. Koch, were of vital importance to the public health and the agricultural interests of the country, the Government should immediately institute a rigid inquiry into the identity of human and bovine tuberculosis.

The appointment of a permanent international committee to collect evidence, publish literature and recommend means for the prevention of tuberculosis was advocated. The members of the committee are to be named by the various governments from national societies.

Big Wheat Crop in the Northwest.

Tacoma, Wash.—State Grain Inspector Wright, who has just retured from a trip through the Northwest wheat belt, declares the yield will be unprecedented, Washington alone yielding 2,000,000 bushels. The labor question, which was a serious one two weeks ago, has materially cleared through the number of men who have entered the wheat districts from the mining regions, especially from British Columbia, where strikes have thrown men out of employment. Combined harvesting machines have also simplified the labor question.

The yield of wheat throughout the Northwest is higher than ever before, and increased acreage will make the crop an unusually large one. The barley crop becomes an important factor this year for the first time in the history of the State.

The yield is from forty to fifty bushels to the acre, and a large acreage is ready to harvest.

Extensive Frauds in Timber Lands.

Washington.—On account of timber and frauds discovered in Montana and Idaho Commissioner Hermann of the General Land Office has suspended all proofs made during the present year under the timber and stone act, pending conclusion of the full investigation and inquiry begun some time ago. This action applies to all states where Government timber land is purchased, and involves thousands of cases. Many large companies and speculators, it is alleged, have had "dummies," as agents, make purchases of these lands from the Government.

The trial of O'Brien at Dawson, for the murder of Lynn Reife, was a very costly job. The witness fees alone amounted to about $10,000, while the entire cost of the trial will foot up about $100,000.

It is hard to secure men and teams for the railroads building in Washington now that the harvest season is on. A number of men who have been working on the Washington region Railroad have quit to go to work in the fields.

RAILROADS FOR YUKON

The White Pass Line to Be Extended.

FIVE FINGER RAPIDS TO BE AVOIDED

Officials of the Road Claim That San Francisco Concerns are Working Against Them.

Tacoma, Wash.—Present indications are that the Yukon country will soon become the scene of railroad building on a large scale compared with anything heretofore attempted in that country. The highest executive officers of the White Pass and Yukon Railway have admitted at Skagway and Dawson during the past two weeks that they are preparing to extend the White Pass Railway from White Horse to Fort Selkirk, a distance of 200 miles. This will leave the terminus 200 miles above Dawson.

The proposed extension can be built at very much less expense than the 112 miles now in operation, part of which over White Pass cost $10,000 a mile.

The company now has nearly $7,000,000 invested, including its first-class equipment and the eighteen steamers running to Dawson and Atlin.

For these steamer lines $1,250,000 was paid. The extension to Selkirk will cost about $3,000,000. It is intended to commence work next spring.

One object in building is to do away with the present method of lining steamers through the treacherous Five Finger rapids, where two steel cables have already been broken this season, permitting heavily laden steamers to run dangerously close to the rocks. The cable used is a quarter of a mile long. It is proposed to place a large capstan above the rapids to draw steamers through until the railroad is extended.

President Graves, Vice-President Newell, General Manager Hawkins and Traffic Manager Lee of the White Pass Railway are in Dawson studying the traffic situation, with particular reference to the cutting of transportation rates and prices of supplies by the Northern Commercial Company. It is claimed by the friends of the White Pass route that the combination of lower Yukon companies was effected by San Francisco concerns with the special object of maintaining the supremacy of the St. Michael route as opposed to the railway over White pass.

BOERS SHOT BRITISH WOUNDED

Kitchener's Report on the Vlakfontein Affair.

London.—The Daily Mail publishes Lord Kitchener's official report regarding the Vlakfontein affair, which is as follows: "Lieutenant W. S. B. Duff has given me the following information: On the day after the fight at Vlakfontein, May 29th, Lieutenant Hearn told him that, while lying on the ground, wounded, he saw about twenty yards from him Lieutenant Spring and Sergeant Findlay, both slightly wounded. They were binding each other's wounds when a young Boer with a pink quggarie around his hat came up and shot both dead. Lieutenant Hearn lay quite still, and the Boers, thinking him dead, contented themselves with taking his spurs and leggings. Lieutenant Hearn also said that others of our wounded were shot by the Boers.

Lieutenant Duff collected the testimony of the eight privates and noncommissioned officers, who affirmed that they saw Boers shoot our wounded. Several of the men saw a Boer, evidently some one in authority, trying to shoot our wounded."

The foregoing is taken from Lord Kitchener's first mail report on the subject. He has wired that he will supplement it by sworn testimony.

To Consult With the State Department.

William Radclffe, owner of the lease on the Grand Mesa lakes in Delta county, has been summoned to Washington for consultation with the State Department. This gives an international aspect to the recent shooting of two men by a deputy game warden and the burning of Radcliffe's hotel and the threatened lynching of himself by a mob of Delto county citizens. Radcliffe claims to be a subject of King Edward and has appealed to his government to protect his life and have him reimbursed for the loss of his property.

Bids for Three Billion Postals.

New York.—A special to the Sun from Washington says: The Postoffice Department has called for bids for about 3,000,000,000 postal cards during the four years beginning December 1st next. During the last quarter of the fiscal year ended June 30, 1901, 203,432,450 cards were used by the deparment, an average of 67,810,850 a month. This number, however, is above the average for the quarter, the usual number required being about 60,000,000, necessitating the manfacture and printing of about 2,000,000 cards daily, month in and month out, or 720,000,000 a year.

PROSPERITY FOR PORTO RICO.

Conditions Better Than They Have Been for Years.

New York.—Correspondence of the Associated Press from San Juan, Porto Rico, says: Events have already proved that the tax law drawn by the legislators of this island will provide ample means for the island's requirements. This indicates that Porto Rico is more prosperous than it was a couple of years ago. Steady improvements has been made since the day General Miles landed at Guanica three years ago. The people are in better physical condition and work with more spirit. Plantations that were unworked for a long time are beginning to show signs of prosperity. There is more shipping in the harbor and the signs generally indicate better conditions. Nevertheless, scarcely an instance can be cited where any considerable amount of American capital has been invested in Porto Rican enterprises. Numerous promoters and capitalists have visited the islands, have declared that this or that investment would bring good returns and then have gone away never to be heard of again.

Manager Charpentier of the French railway company, who sailed for New York has with him the recently signed franchise, to be submitted to President McKinley for his signature. He will then proceed to Paris to confer with directors and the company. The franchise, which has been hanging fire for two years, is considered the most reasonable yet granted by the council.

New Theory as to the Fate of Andre.

A cable from London says: The lapse of three years which Andre, who started for the North Pole in a balloon, fixed as the extreme limit of his return, has revived interest in his fate. A Norwegian captain of much Arctic experience has a theory which is interesting. He says it is a fact, which is probably familiar to all Arctic explorers, that when there is the slightest humidity of the atmosphere masts and sails of vessels are coated thickly with ice. When Andre started west snow was falling and the balloon would soon be coated with ice. Its buoyance would be overweighted and it could not remain long aloft. The wind would carry it in the direction of Franz Josef Land, between which and Nova Zembla it would probably fall into the sea. This captain says that the wreck ultimately may be found on one or the other of these coasts.

To Rest Again on English Soil.

London.—The remains of King Edmund the Martyr, the last King of the East Angles, who reigned from 855 to 870, have been returned to England after a sojourn in France of more than 700 years. They reached Arundel in charge of Mgr. Delval, Archbishop of Nicaea, Asia Minor, and were placed in the private chapel of the Duke of Norfolk pending final interment in the shrine being prepared for their reception in the new Cathedral in Westminster. The body, after burial at Hoxne, was reinterred at Bury St. Edmunds, from which place it was carried off to France by Louis VIII. Through personal intervention of the Pope, the relics are now returned to England.

King Edward to Proclaim Himself.

London.—In the House of Lords, Lord Salisbury, the Premier introduced a bill authorizing King Edward to assume by proclamation within six months of the adoption of the bill such title as he may think fitly recognizes his dominion beyond the seas. The Premier added this title would probably be as follows: "Edward VII, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, of British dominions beyond the seas, King, Defender of the Faith, and Emperor of India.

Oats Needed by the Government.

Seattle, Wash.—Major George Ruhlen, the local quartermaster, acting under instructions from the Quartermaster-General, will advertise for bids for the contract to furnish the Government with 4000 tons of oats for shipment to Manila. The specifications require that the oats shall be delivered at either Seattle or Tacoma, at the option of the quartermaster, on or before August 15th.

French and Germans Prepare to Stay.

London.—The Shanghai correspondent of the Globe, cabling, says: The assurances given in the House of Commons by Lord Cranborne that the French and German troops are only temporarily here are refuted by the fact that both nationalities are erecting massive, permanent barracks, which will take two years to complete, indicating that many years occupation are contemplated.

Kept Record of His Wealth.

New York.—The appraisers of the estate of the late Jacob S. Rogers have found that the eccentric millionaire kept an accurate record of the wealth he possessed and his memoranda are a great help to them. The week before he died he estimated that he was worth $5,443,000 and that the appraisers say that will not be far from the true value.

Why Poultry is Valuable.

Prof. Gilbert of Ottawa, in answer to the question, "Why is poultry valuable to the farmer?" gives the following reasons:

Because he ought by their means to convert a great deal of the waste of his farm into money in the shape of eggs and chickens for market.

Because, with intelligent management, they ought to be all-year-revenue producers, with the exception perhaps of two months during the moulting season.

Because poultry will yield him quicker returns for the capital invested than any of the other departments of agriculture.

Because the manure from the poultry house will make a valuable compost for use in either vegetable garden or orchard. The birds themsleves, if allowed to run in plum or apple orchards, will destroy all injurious insect life.

Because while cereals and fruits can only be successfully grown in certain sections, poultry can be raised for table use or layers of eggs in all parts of the country.

Because poultry raising is an employment in which a farmer's wife and daughters can engage and leave him free to attend to other departments.

Because it will bring him the best results in the shape of new-laid eggs during the winter season, when the farmer has the most time on his hands.

Because to start poultry raising on the farm requires little or no capital. Under any circumstances, with proper management, poultry can be made with little cost a valuable adjunct to the farm.

It is reported that a factory for the manufacture of cotton twine and other fiber products, with $200,000 capital, is to be erected at Fairhaven.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,

South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps,

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed.
Wood and Coal.

Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves.,

South San Francisco, Cal.

good news

We have just received a large shipment of the famous Cyrus Noble whiskey.

This brand is the most popular American whiskey in the world.

It is a pure, old honest product.

It is distilled from selected grain.

It is a tonic and stimulant combined.

It is absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

In helping your fellowmen don't waste kind words where kicks would be of more benefit.

The Kaiser boasts six boys and one girl, while the Czar has four girls. Why not shuffle and draw even?

Some people are so pious on Sunday that they seem to feel entitled to be a little tricky through the rest of the week.

Most men would be better and nobler if they could only have a chance to live up to the inscriptions on their tombstones.

If the widows of the country continue to make goo-goo eyes in the direction of Mr. Depew his only recourse will be to wear blinders.

It's one thing to present Albert Edward with a suit of antique mail, but quite a different thing to persuade the portly British king to "put it on."

Columbia University having made Justice Peckham, of the United States Supreme Court, an LL. D., nobody is likely to rise to complain that the honor is misplaced.

More and more kerosene is being insisted on as a cure for the mosquito nuisance. But is it certain that as an alleged remedy these midget birds may not make light of it?

The French doctors who represent that the internal anatomy of man is not arranged on correct proportions evidently believe that the creature may be greater than the Creator and can improve on his work.

New York's Central Park ostrich died from eating a grain of corn. He should have known enough to limit himself to stove lids and horseshoes. Any animal in captivity runs a risk by experimenting with his diet.

Mrs. Carrie Rand-Herron has been interviewed, and her chief argument is that when a woman wants a man she has a right to get him by any method. She may change her mind if some other woman decides she wants George.

A 9-year-old boy took a 10,000 voltage current of electricity for rather more than a minute the other day, and except for a badly burned hand is none the worse. A man undergoing the same experience would have been killed, of course. The invulnerability of the small boy is a mystery that deserves more attention than it has received from scientists.

The Maoris, the aboriginal inhabitants of New Zealand, have actually increased in number during the last decade, and great wonderment is expressed in European publications over the fact that a "subject race" should survive and grow. Here is opportunity for somebody to suggest that the fate of such a race depends a good deal upon the nation to which it is "subject."

We have learned a whole lot more about rheumatism. Here is an old-fashioned Texas remedy, with a title guarantee attached: Find a yellow jacket's nest, strip off your upper garments and attack it. Wasps are good, too, and some say that hornets and tarantulas are better. This cure is suggested by the "Cherokee Philosopher," who adds that a bee sting is as good for inoculation as vaccine virus and is a preventive of rheumatism.

A splendid South is upon the horizon of the new century. The development of its magnificent capacities, conjoined with its typical courtesy and warm hospitality, assures us that the dream of dominion once entertained by the projectors of a Confederate empire shall yet be realized, only in a far truer and better sense. There have been deserts in Dixie, but the genial influences that affect its sunny soil, aided by the numerous providences of our great union, will cause them in the near future to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Working girls in cities, who have to swelter through the summer in one stuffy room, would be fortunate indeed if rich women generally adopted a plan which a Boston woman is preparing to put into practice for the second time. She has a beautiful home, and when she went to her country house last year she offered five girls the use of the city place, together with board and the services of her cook, for four dollars a week each. Imagine the delight with with they exchanged hall bedrooms and cheap restaurants for a large, airy house and a perfectly appointed table! "I think," said one of the girls at the end of the three months, "that this is the very first summer in my whole life that I have fully enjoyed myself." These were girls who would have resented any kind of help that savored of "charity," but the gracious deed that so carefully guarded their independence and their self-respect will be a happy, helpful memory all their lives long.

The young Czar Nicholas regards himself as overblessed with female offspring. Wishing for a male heir, the Czarina has presented him with four girls in something like rapid succession. The imperial Russian line has not always been confined to male descent. Catharine II. was one of the greatest monarchs of Europe and under her virile administration Russia advanced to the very front rank in greatness and power. She regarded her son, afterward Paul II., as an imbecile, kept him in prison and left him without education. When he ascended the throne after her death, as an act of revenge for his wrongs against all the sex of his mother, he decreed that the succession in the future should remain in the male line only. The aplication of the Salic law to the Russian royal family has no other authority than Czar Paul's decree on the subject. In Russia law is the mere expression of the imperial will. A sort of parliamentary body exists which, with the Czar's board of councilors, gives a ukase the form of law. If Czar Nicholas should have no male heir there does not seem to be any reason why he should leave the crown to his unacceptable brothers or nephews. He can follow the example of his predecessor and restore his daughters to eligibility for the throne. The difficulty now presented to him does not seem to be insurmountable.

According to Census Bulletin 65 nearly half of the population of the United States in 1900 lived in incorporated towns. These places number 10,602 and contained 35,849,516 inhabitants—that is to say, 47.1 per cent of the total, as against 26,079,828, or 41.4 in 1890. The figures for the census divisions, which are interesting and instructive, are as follows:

Division.	Population.	Per cent of total population 1900.	Per cent of total population 1890.
N. Atlantic	14,334,878	68.1	59.5
S. Atlantic	2,970,776	28.4	25.0
N. Central	13,367,653	50.8	44.2
S. Central	3,066,696	21.8	19.0
Western	2,070,207	50.6	46.6
Hawaii	39,306	25.5	25.5
Total	35,849,516	47.1	41.4

It is a noteworthy fact that the drift to cities and incorporated places is greatest in the North Atlantic division and least in South Central division. Excluding the District of Columbia from consideration New York has the largest percentage of its population living in incorporated places—the percentage being 77.6, closely followed by New Jersey with a percentage of 76.2. Illinois leads the Western States with a percentage of 66.5 living in towns, Ohio coming second with 57.1 per cent. Almost exactly half of the population of Michigan, or 50.1 per cent, lives in incorporated places. Wisconsin has 46.9 per cent, Minnesota 49.1 and Iowa 43.6. St. Louis succeeds in bringing the percentage of Missouri up to 46.2. Mississippi has the honor of having the smallest percentage of its population, or 14.7, "cribbed, coffined and confined" within corporate limits. New Mexico is a close second with 15.2 per cent. A further analysis of the figures shows that 19,757,618 of the population reside in the 161 cities of 25,000 or over. This is 25.9 of the total population, against 22.2 per cent in 1890. The probability is that by 1910 one-half of the population of the United States will be living in incorporated towns.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

Horse the Young Fellow Coveted Did Not Come Into His Possession.

Among Noah Smithwick's memories of old days in Texas, entitled "The Evolution of a State," is an incident belonging to his stay, as a youth, in San Fernando, Mexico. Slight as the experience was, it was of a kind to be keenly felt by a lad, so keenly that even the memory of it must carry a pang.

A band of Empirico Indians was in town, and one of them had a horse that I coveted. It was a mountain mustang, a strawberry roan, as beautiful a piece of horseflesh as I ever laid eyes on.

I was determined to own it, and was struck dumb with delight at being told that for twenty silver buckles, with which to bedeck the Indian's hair, I might have it.

I took twenty old Spanish hammered silver dollars and began to convert them into buckles, in a fever of anxiety lest the Indian should go back on his agreement. I had almost finished them when news came that the French had been repulsed, whereupon the Mexicans got up a grand parade, to celebrate.

The Indians took part, and one horse, my beautiful roan, was frightened at the trumpets, became unmanageable, threw his rider and killed him.

Then came my disappointment. The entire tribe knew of the bargain I had made, but nevertheless they would not give up the horse. They held that, inasmuch as he had not been delivered to me, he was still the property of the dead brave, and so must be killed, to accompany his master to the happy hunting-grounds.

In vain did I offer them twice and even thrice the sum agreed upon. They clung to Indian law.

So, decked out in all the glory of warpaint, the doomed steed was led away beside his dead master, followed by the chief mourners with shorn heads and blackened faces, giving vent to their sorrow in blood-curdling howls.

Wrapped in his buffalo robes, his bow and arrows beside him, the dead Indian was laid to rest in a shallow grave. His saddle and bridle were placed at his feet. The horse was then led up to the grave and shot, and his body afterward burned.

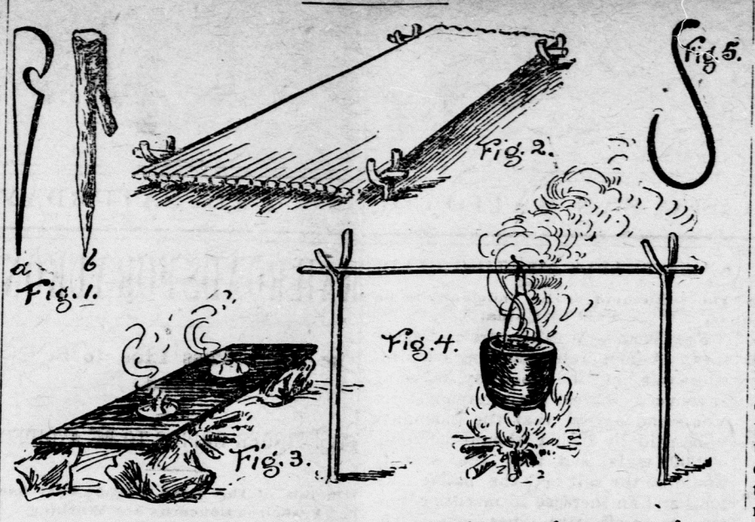
Moreover, there were twenty silver buckles for sale, and no buyers, for not one of the tribe would take them off my hands.

Nutmegs.

A nutmeg tree of the largest size will produce no more than five pounds of nutmegs.

Like cats, some voters are on the political fence ready to jump either way

HOW TO CAMP OUT.



A writer in the American Boy gives the following valuable hints on the best methods of making a camp:

Select some site near lake, pond or stream, if possible, where you can enjoy the threefold pleasure of fishing, boating and swimming. A party of three or four gives better satisfaction, and an A tent, at least 7x7 feet, should be used. If you cannot procure a tent you should not give up the trip in consequence, for an Indian wigwam covered with bark and boughs may be substituted, or, better still, a "lean-to" covered with bark and boughs or sod, can be built. A boulder or embankment is necessary for this.

If you have a tent, but cannot conveniently carry the tent poles, the accompanying illustration will show you how to do without them. Select a dry place for the camp, on a slight knoll, if possible, in order that the rain may flow off readily.

The following lists are for a party of four boys making a three weeks' trip. If they do not have to hire the boat, the trip should not cost them over two dollars each for the entire three weeks, counting what each one can take from his home. If a boat has to be hired this will make the expense of the trip about three dollars each, or only one dollar per week each for a trip that will prove to be worth to each one an hundred times that amount.

Here are the lists; if you contemplate camping, copy them carefully: Four quilts, two blankets, two rubber blankets, two short-handled axes, plenty of rope, extra suit each of old clothes and underclothes, plenty of fishing tackle and a very large box of worms, target, rifle, camera, bathing suits, frying pan, two kettles, coffee pot, eight tin plates, four steel knives and forks, plenty of nails and spikes, six spoons, two large spoons, two butcher knives, four pot-hooks, five tin dippers—pint size—toaster, sheet-iron for fireplace, iron rod for crane, soap, towels, rags for dishcloths, cuts, etc.; thread, safety pins, needles, court plaster, ointment, Jamaica ginger, Epsom salts, five pounds cornmeal, four double loaves of bread, two pounds of coffee, one-half pound of tea, four pies, four dozen doughnuts, four dozen cookies, four cans roast beef, peck potatoes, one-half peck of onions, salt and pepper, five pounds of sugar, four cans of condensed milk, five pounds of salt pork, four cans of clams, four cans of baked beans, three pounds of crackers.

Pack these things in soap boxes upon which you have placed hinged covers. Four boxes should hold all but the tent and bedding, which you can make into one bundle.

In preparing your camp, hang all the kitchen utensils upon nails driven into a large tree near your fireplace. Nail two boxes, like cupboards, upon another tree near where you will eat your meals. In these place all the foods but the canned goods, which you can set on top of the boxes.

Keep your clothes in your tent or hut. Make a frame for an awning and place your rubber blankets over it. Under this build your tables of old boards or poles, together with seats. Stretch a rope to hang and dry your clothes upon and air your bedding there every pleasant day. Also dig a trench around your tent to carry off the rain. Arrange to fatsen your boat securely and you will be pretty well settled.

You can make tent pins as in figure 1 (a), or cut them in the woods as in figure 1 (b).

The most satisfactory bed is made by covering the ground two feet deep with pine needles, and over this placing a few light hemlock boughs. Cover this arrangement with your rubber blankets at night. Make your bed upon this and you will never be damp. If you prefer to sleep off the ground you can make a bed as in figure 2, with small, springy poles, and cover these with boughs.

Figure 3 shows what to use in lieu of a stove, a piece of sheet iron 18x24 inches. For boiling and chowders make a rack or crane as in figure 4. Have the cross rod (a) of iron; gas pipe will do, as this will not burn off and drop your dinner into the fire.

A piece of strong wire, bent as in figure 5, makes a pot-hook, to be used in figure 4.

When four go camping the best method in regard to work is to pair off, that is, let two do all the work one day and the other two do the same the next day, and so change about.

There are generally farmers living in the vicinity, of whom you will be able to purchase milk, vegetables, and other things you may need.

BLUFFED AND ESCAPED.

The Exciting Experience of Admiral de Mello of Brazil.

"I see by the papers," said a New Orleans coffee importer, "that Custidio de Mello, who is described as a 'banker,' was arrested in Rio the other day for conspiracy against the Brazilian government. No doubt the average reader passed the little cable dispatch by without recalling the fact that De Mello was the hero about ten years ago of one of the most desperate and dramatic exploits of recent times. It is an interesting story. In 1893 Admiral de Mello was in command of the Brazilian 'navy,' which was undoubtedly the queerest conglomeration in the world. It consisted of half a dozen old scows and one tip-top, bang-up, first-class battleship—the Aquidaban—the equal at the time of anything afloat. It was the admiral's 'flagship,' and one fine day he astounded everybody by sailing into Rio harbor and calmly sending word to President Peixotto that he wanted his resignation. When Peixotto recovered from his astonishment he told him to go to blazes, and De Mello thereupon declared the city under blockade. Rio lies, as you know, on the inner side of a large bay, with a very narrow entrance. There were no guns at the town heavy enough to do the big battleship any damage, but at the harbor mouth there were two forts that could easily blow her out of the water. So De Mello had really sailed into a rat trap, staking everything on the chance of bluffing Peixotto out. He could not shell Rio on account of foreign interference, and for three solid months he circled round and round the bay, trying repeatedly to make a landing and a dash into the city. He was enormously outnumbered by the shore garrisons and always beaten back with loss, and eventually his situation became about as desperate as can be readily imagined. Food and water had both run short; it was impossible to get more supplies; all hands, including De Mello himself, were reduced to walking skeletons, and meanwhile the batteries at the harbor mouth had been powerfully re-enforced. In this plight Peixotto supposed he would be only too glad to surrender, and sent a demand to that effect. 'You are bottled up,' he said in substance; 'you can't get out, and you can't make a landing. It's a case of surrender or starve.' De Mello sent back word that they would starve. In the next couple of weeks men did die on the Aquidaban of actual starvation. Then De Mello decided to end it all in a grand coup de theater, and one night he started at full speed for the harbor mouth. Concealment was out of the question, and the battleship made its dash with lights blazing, flags flying and band playing. I met the admiral afterward in Caracas, and he told me they had no expectation whatever of getting through, but their sheer audacity so disconcerted the gunners at the forts that they failed to land a single effective shot. As she passed the narrows the Aquidaban let loose a double broadside and steamed triumphantly out to sea. De Mello was in exile for years, but he was finally pardoned and returned to Rio. This is the man who has just been arrested for a new conspiracy, and I think you'll agree with me that he is an individual who is apt to make things pretty hot when he gets started. If I were President of Brazil I'd put him in the bastile and throw away the key."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Still There Was a Profit.

"And now, doctor," said the patient, as he prepared to depart with the mixture, the lotion and the pills, "what have I to pay?"

"Oh, say 7s 6d," replied the doctor.

"Make it even, doctor."

"Well, well, we won't quarrel about trifles."

The patient laid a sixpence on the table, and, with a polite "Good morning," was making for the door, when the doctor called after him:

"Stop! stop! what's this?"

"It's all right, doctor," blandly replied the patient. "You said you would make it even, and everyone knows that six is even and seven odd."

"Get you gone, you scoundrel," roared the irate medical man. "I've made fourpence out of you, after all!"—London Tit-Bits.

Bound to Be Heard.

Jester—I understand that our pastor is going to preach through a megaphone hereafter.

Jimson—Why is that?

Jester—Why, the sleeping members of the congregation snore so loudly that the others can't hear.—Ohio State Journal.

Dream.

"Ah, Miss Clarindi! may I dream that you will return my love?"

"You may, but it won't come true!"—Life.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

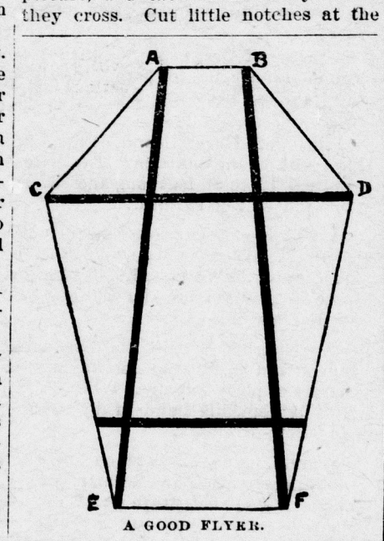
Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

How to Make a Good Kite.

Kite-flying is one of the best outdoor amusements that a boy could have; indeed, we know a good many men that enjoy it as much as they did when they were young. The writer of this paragraph is one of them. There is a fascination about it that is not easily described. City boys have little chance to indulge in the sport, except when they go to the country or the seashore, during vacation, but those that live in the suburbs, or in places where they may conveniently reach the open fields, ought all to have their kites.

Fancy designs of all kinds are sold in the shops, but if a boy wishes to have all the fun that there is in the sport he ought to make his own kite. Besides, it will give him better service.

The accompanying cut shows how a good flyer may be made. Out of some straight-grained, light wood—cedar preferred—make four sticks, about one-eighth of an inch in thickness. Let two of them be 22 inches in length; one 17½ inches, and the other 13¾ inches. Place them as shown in the picture, and tack them firmly where they cross. Cut little notches at the



A GOOD FLYER.

ends of the sticks, and put a string around the whole frame, making it taut and tying it so that it will not slip.

Now cut out a piece of very thin manila paper—tissue paper would do, but thin manila is more serviceable—one inch larger, all around, than the frame, and paste the edge over the string. Make a small hole in the end of the sticks at A, B, C, D, E and F, and put in a string loosely from A to F, from B to E, and from C to D. Make a string loop from E to F, to which the tail of the kite is to be attached. The strings must come through to the paper side of the kite, not the stick side.

The cord by which you are to fly the kite should be attached where the strings cross each other; do this with a loose knot enclosing all the strings. For the tail, use a strip of muslin about one inch in width, and fifteen feet in length and attach ten bobs made of paper rolled up. If the kite should dive, add more tail until it sails steadily.

Use fine, but strong, cord for the flying, and don't attempt it in a high wind. Kites always fly better in a moderate wind.

The Rival Hoppers.

Beneath a tree with spreading boughs,
On margin of a pool,
A bloated frog croaked merrily,
Fanned by the breezes cool.

His vis-a-vis a grasshopper
Upon the other shore,
Whose famous leaps are chronicled
In books of childish lore.

Now both were hoppers of renown;
The one that was so thin
Sent a swift challenge to the frog
To jump—and see who'd win.

A twinkle shone in froggie's eye,
He answered with a wink;
Then both shot upward in the air,
And then—what do you think?

Why, froggie settled down again
Beneath a toadstool gray,
Ready for other bits as sweet
That chanced along his way.

For crafty was the heart that beat
Beneath that mottled coat;
He timed his leap so grasshopper
Jumped right down froggie's throat.
—Youths' Companion.

Picture Titles.

Can you guess the title of the book I am thinking of?

In imagination I see a picture of it; I see a long, sandy stretch of shore, the waves dashing up against the rocks and hear the song of a robin. The merry laugh of a fisherman's son is borne to me from the distance. Out in the water a boat is anchored and the crew are casting their nets over the side. So my picture fades.

Can you tell me the name of my story?

Why, you say, "Robinson Crusoe," of course!

Now I will picture another title for you. These are two books. One is a sequel to the other.

I see a schoolroom. The sun is shining on the floor and on the desks, showing many a cut and scratch. Seated at the desks are many little boys and girls learning how to spell C-A-T, cat, and D-O-G, dog. Some day, thinks their teacher, these little boys and girls will be men and women, but they will still carry the C-A-T and D-O-G with them and will say categorical and dogmatic.

Now, what are the titles of my books?

Right: "Little Men" and "Little Women."

Onion Dance.

Have you ever heard of an "onion dance?" That is the name of a curious festival held every year in the City of Berne, Switzerland. It takes place after the great market day, when thousands of pounds of onions are bought and sold.

On the Sunday preceding the market day the onions remain in the street, covered with cloths of every description, and early Monday morning the sale begins. For two days every one you meet has at least one string of onions.

A few days later comes the dances. Every saloon and hall is decorated, and the young peasants, girls and lads, come to town and make merry. Every hall is crowded with a jostling throng of ruddy-faced peasants, and dancing is kept up till the small hours of the morning.

Boy Hunter.

There is a 6-year-old boy in California who can outhunt many a man. The plucky youngster is Austin Otis. His home is in the wooded hills about 15 miles back of Cozadero, where his father owns some 5,000 acres of land. The boy has lived among the hills all his life. He went hunting recently with no companion but a half-breed foxhound. Within two hours he had killed a young buck weighing 65 pounds. He can bring down a deer with as clean and pretty a shot as can any veteran hunter in the country. He has a keen eye and a stout heart.

"Dolly's Name."

Speaking of dolls, by the way, the "Dorothys" of to-day may be surprised to know that their beautiful name was once so common among children in nearly every household that it came to mean merely "baby," and that this was the way its nickname "Dolly" happened to be applied to the wooden puppets that all children played with in those old days.

Tommy's Complaint.

Sunday School Teacher—What do we learn from the story of Samson?

Tommy (mournfully smoothing his ragged locks)—That it doesn't pay ter have women folks cut a feller's hair.

A SEVERE TEST.

Barbaric Sweethearts Must Be Heroic to Be Worth Having.

Among the Arabs of Upper Egypt the youth who proposes to a girl must submit to a whipping at the hands of all her male relatives; and, says a dry narrator, "if he wishes to be considered worth having, he must receive the chastisement, which is sometimes exceedingly severe, with an expression of enjoyment."

Not infrequently it is the maiden herself who imposes the test. The Sakalava girls of Madagascar make their lovers stand at a short distance from a clever spear thrower and catch between the arm and side every spear thrown at them. If the youth "displays fear or fails to catch the spear, he is ignominiously rejected, but if there be no flinching and the spears are caught he is at once proclaimed an accepted lover."

Worse than this is the trial enforced upon their suitors by the Dongolowee girls. When in doubt as to the respective merits of two rivals, the young lady fastens a sharply pointed knife to each elbow; then, seating herself between her lovers, she drives the blades slowly into their thighs, and the hero who takes the greatest length of steel without a murmur wins the bride.

Maj. Mitchell, in his "Expeditions into the Interior of Eastern Australia," says of the natives on the River Darling, that all their ideas of fighting are associated with the possession of gins or wives, and that after a battle the wives "do not always follow their fugitive husbands from the field, but frequently go over, as a matter of course, to the victors." "None but the brave deserve the fair" is a maxim well understood of most barbaric races.—Chambers' Journal.

An Ingenious Apparatus.

A motor has been designed in France which may be attached to the front of any vehicle and driven like a horse. It is provided with reins for steering and stopping the machine. A pull on either rein turns the apparatus in the corresponding direction, while a steady pull on both reins slows down the motor and applies the brake. There is also a secondary pair of reins for bringing the vehicle to a standstill. But the most extraordinary motor in the world is that being erected by a French doctor, in which he intends, with two students, to make a trip round the world. It will contain two sleeping apartments, a large work-room, and four large tanks for storing oil. It will unquestionably be the largest motor ever built.

Overbalanced.

Miss Swagger—Exponents of physical culture tell us that we should not incline the upper part of our bodies forward in walking.

Miss Swelldom—I know, but it's simply impossible to stand erect while they wear these hang-over-in-front hats.—Ohio State Journal.

Original.

Fond Mother—Our John is certainly original.

Fond Father—Why?

Fond Mother—He's writing a graduating speech about Abraham Lincoln.—Ohio State Journal.

The balance of trade is not always a political platform scale.

WOMAN'S REALM

THE MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.

SHE sees, or thinks she sees, neglect and a lack of appreciation on every side. Even the fashion magazines forget her needs and cater largely to those who are young. So she either, quite inexcusably, allows herself to subside into a nonentity or else she fills her dressing table with lotions, and creams, and massage rollers and enters upon a combat with youth. She starves her mind, sometimes she neglects her soul, that she may find time to use her many appliances to urge back retreating youth. All the while she forgets that an eternal youth abides with those who are tenacious in their hold upon a young and ardent spirit—a spirit which looks from merry eyes; which impels the tongue to loving words and the hands to brave and tender deeds. It is like one of those old-fashioned plaster-of-paris castles which image peddlers used to carry in numbers on the boards which held their wares. White and smooth and flawless and inane these castles were, until, a lighted candle being placed within them, the tiny windows became radiant and the small structure a thing of beauty.

What the middle-aged woman needs most of all is a better understanding of her privileges and of the amenities of her position. Let her refresh her mind and comfort her heart by a glance at the fragile dainty blossom and the golden fruit, at the lovely rosebud and the gracious rose, which is odorless until all its petals are unfolded and its golden heart exposed. Let her look at the loveliness of June and then at the glory of October. Then let her remember that she is October. Let her remember that the youth of creation was chaos, and that the completed universe is maturity. Then will she the better understand the chorus of the morning stars. Then will she wonder at the mad chase after fleet-footed youth. Youth which accepts happiness in place of joy; the false for the true; the unknown for the knowable; the shadow for the substance; the apparent for the real. Then will she know that her years are jewels.

The middle-aged woman should lend herself to all sweet and pervading emotions. She could give herself to the varied influences of pictures, of sculptures, of music, of literature and of sweet and noble thoughts. She should watch the splendor of the dawn and the glory of the night. She should thrill at the grandeur of the tempest as well as the peace of the sunlit, windless sky. She should be compassionate, she should be loving, she should be true. Then will a charm more potent than that of youth abide with her, and her gracious influence will make her an added power for good in a needy world. —Ledger Monthly.

To My Wife.

I, as an actor, have played well my part,
Not showing how the sons of men I scorn;
Those shriveled, greedy souls who crave the corn,
The oil and wine, the treasures of the mart;
Deep in my soul I burn the flame for Art,
As one who was a lyric poet born,
As one who leads a singer's hope forlorn
Yet with unshrinking and unconquered heart.

I can exist on what a Spartan can;
Endure as granite; smile when friends do fail;
Face Poverty; and see the years grow stale,
Or bide my time with any sort of man;
Full in the teeth of Fate I fling the glove—
Come age, come death, while I have you, my love!
—St. Louis Mirror.

Women to Fight Fire.

Mont Clare, a suburb of Chicago, has a fire department organized by women. The Assistant Marshal is Mrs. E. O. Eames. The Captain is Miss Harriet M. Saxre. The suburb awaits a fire in calmness. The chemical rests in a barn, resplendent in red paint, and charged with a deadly soda compound. Alderman Keeney helped in the organization. If possible, he will be invited to the first Mont Clare fire and be given a seat of honor while the feminines of the department drag the hose about, scuttle floors and dig out walls.

MRS. EAMES.

The Progress of Woman.

A well-known English writer in a leading London paper, commenting upon the idleness of British women, says that "owing to their exclusion from the higher grades of employment, women of the better classes are given over to useless and frivolous pursuits."

Dress and fashion, amusements and flirtations mainly make up the giddy round of their occupations and bar all solid intellectual work. What is such a life but a protracted debauch? Yet who can blame these gilded butterflies of society for being what their fathers and husbands have made them.

Here the situation is different. The progress of woman in her efforts to take her position in the army of workers may be seen when it is shown that in all occupations, while from 1880 to 1890 man increased his numbers only 27.64 per cent, woman increased her numbers during the same period 47.88 per cent. In the professions woman increased in numbers 75 per cent and man 48 per cent; in agriculture, fisheries and mining man increased 12 per cent, woman 14 per cent. But the most remarkable showing is that made by woman in trade and transportation, in which callings, while the men increased between 1880 and 1890, 71.75 per cent, women increased in numbers 263.35 per cent—over three and one-half times as fast.

These figures bespeak the industrial energy of the up-to-date American woman.—New York News.

ABOUT THE BABY.

The best-born babies will grow up with the manners of barbarians unless they are taught the little graces and courtesies of the table. The nursery tea is now an established institution, and the tiniest men and women are there taught to observe the restraints and etiquette of the table which are proper, and which a little later make of the small member a very delightful and welcome addition to the family board.

Little children should be taught not to sit sidewise or on the edges of their chairs or to lean back in them, or to put their elbows on the table, says the Philadelphia Press. They should not be permitted to play with bread or stray silver, and should be taught to wipe their little mouths before and after drinking, and not to drink until after they have swallowed what they may be eating.

Do not allow the little ones of your family to turn up their glasses or mugs to their noses while drinking. Show them how to break a potato with a fork, how to carry a fork to the mouth with the tine curving down like a bowl. Teach them to take soup quietly from the side of the spoon. Watch them and see that they do not put their spoons and forks too far into their mouths, and that they do not crowd their mouth with food.

Little children are great mimics, and after they have been once properly trained in table manners commit fewer breaches of etiquette than their elders. Hence the importance of carefully watching them, of setting them a correct example and of checking improper tendencies as soon as they appear.

She's a Promoter.

Mrs. Anna McElroy Brett, formerly of Ohio, who represented Texas at the congress of independent telephone managers at Buffalo, owns a franchise for an independent telephone system at El Paso, and has organized a company in Cleveland to build the plant. She is also organizing a building and investment company that will operate at El Paso. Mrs. Brett and her husband built the first independent telephone system that competed with the Bell. They were the promoters of the Detroit system with Henry Everett. Since her husband's death, Mrs. Brett has carried on the same line of work.

MRS. BRETT.

For Fat and Lean.

Double chins are again doubled by high pillows.

Eat cereals, drink milk and quarts of water to help pad your bones.

Toast for stout people, never fresh bread. Omit a meal a day and drink sparingly.

Tight lacing is the curse of maidens. The waist will be small enough if you know how to exercise.

The lean girl should eat potatoes roasted, with plenty of butter, or mashed with cream. Avoid pork and lard.

Stout women rear backward and add fifty pounds to their appearance. Walk from the hips and walk straight.

Bad breath is an insult to your acquaintances. Tincture of myrrh and camphor are cheap and effective. Never use perfume.

Girls Who Walk Gracefully.

Girls who walk gracefully know how to maintain a correct balance. The shoulders are thrown back, the spine straightened and the back just below the waistline curved inward.

The legs swing easily and freely from the hip joints, and the weight of the body is thrown upon the ball of the foot, not upon the heels.

Nine women out of every ten walk upon their heels. Do not forget that correct walking means a light, elastic, springing step.

If you walk properly you will not tire easily and the exercise will be beneficial. On the other hand, if you walk incorrectly, the exercise is fatiguing and of no hygienic avail.

White Gloves.

White gloves have been in regular fashion standing for twelve years now, and by all signs and omens for reading the future they are good for another dozen years for modish patronage.

Very heavy cream-white dogskin gloves are the choicest dress for the hands in the morning. These boast one button, not of the patent clasp variety.

RUINED BY MOTHER.

WHY THE NEWELL BOYS TURNED OUT BADLY.

Taught by Their Over-Indulgent Mater that Their Sisters Should Wait Upon Them—Lack of Ambition Brings Bad Luck to the Family.

"But, land of love, Miss Percy, didn't they have the same home and training? Didn't they have the same sweet mother and upright, manly father? Weren't they surrounded by the same good influences? Didn't they have the same godly example? I don't see why the Newell boys all turned out such worthless fellows, while the girls grew into noble women. There's Lucy, now—our minister's wife—cultivated, sweet-tempered and benevolent. Who ever saw a lovelier lady than Alice? And Harriet is all that could be desired. I don't understand it, Miss Percy; I declare I don't. We all know Bob and Frank Newell are idle and worthless. How is it?"

"Stop a minute, Mrs. Harrison," responded Miss Percy; "did they have the same training? I know they were brought up under the same roof, but they were brought up very differently, I assure you. Bob and Frank Newell were good enough to begin with, but their doting mother has ruined them. Why, Mrs. Harrison, those boys used to come into the house and throw their caps and jackets on the floor for their mother or sisters to pick up and put away.

"The mother, you know, was a weak, good-natured woman, who worshiped her husband and sons, and was content to slave and pick up for them, believing it was all unselfish devotion. But the girls rebelled—poor things. No wonder! Then Mrs. Newell would say, 'Why, Alice!' or 'Why, Lucy! I'm surprised at you. Won't you do that much for your dear brothers? I'm sure it's a mere trifle for them to ask of you.' And poor Lucy or Alice would go back and wait on the boys, thinking they must be selfish things to grudge this constant service.

"When Harriet was a little thing Mr. Newell died, leaving his large fortune to his wife. They were living in New York then, and Lucy and Alice were young ladies beginning to enjoy life in a large city. Bob and Frank were not engaged in any business; they couldn't make money, it seemed, though they could spend fast enough.

"First they tried manufacturing cloth. They rented a mill and hired a superintendent. Then they paid brief daily visits to their office from ten till two. The superintendent had entire control of them and the business, and he managed both to his own profit. When manufacturing failed, the boys tried one thing after another, until, finally, they determined to try farming.

"Their weak, fond mother, whose faith in her boys seemed to increase with their increasing helplessness, sold her house in New York and came to this remote village to live. Harriet was a child then—to be educated. Lucy and Alice were enjoying the pleasures and advantages of New York; but they were not to be considered for a moment. Education, pleasure and friendships must be broken off; expenses must be cut down to the lowest penny—all to help those precious spendthrift boys, who had yet to make their first sacrifice for either mother or sisters.

"They bought old Lemuel White's farm, the best place for miles and miles. But it was the old story; nobody about the place knew anything but themselves, nobody's advice would they take, and everything about the farm was expected to look after itself. They bought all the patent reapers and mowers advertised in the county papers; but when the time came to use them Bob wanted to go to a fair, and Frank couldn't find the hay hook. When the neighboring farmers were planting corn it was discovered that the new patent corn drill was out of order, or wouldn't work. Everything about the place went down, except the debts, which rose higher and higher. Bob and Frank cursed their luck and took to drinking; the farm had to be sold at last, and poor Mrs. Newell woke up one morning to find herself homeless.

"Lucy and Alice went to New York and found employment through former friends of their father. For five years they supported their mother; then Lucy married, and soon after Alice. Mrs. Newell makes her home with Alice, you know, and Harriet supports herself. The boys, for whom every one else was sacrificed, can barely earn a living, and are poor, shiftless creatures, who will never rise.

"I tell you, Mrs. Harrison, it was the difference in their training which made the Newell boys and girls differ. The girls are taught to be unselfish, thoughtful and considerate. The boys were trained to regard their sisters and mother as servants and themselves as superior beings, to whose comfort everything must be subservient. Naturally they grew up thinking their ease of more importance than the rights of other people. Their mother ruined them."

"Well," said Mrs. Harrison, rising slowly, "I shall make my Jack hang up his cap and jacket when I go home."—Good Housekeeping.

WHEN THE EYE DOES NOT SEE.

New Law of Vision Discovered that Accounts for Certain Optical Effects.

Two series of investigations of far-reaching importance to physiological optics have been completed during the past year in the psychological laboratory of Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., by Prof. Raymond Dodge and students of the university.

The first series definitely established a new law of vision, almost revolutionary in its consequences. It was proven that the eyes, when in motion, can distinguish nothing in any complex field of vision over which they sweep. In order to see any object at rest, the eye must remain motionless looking at some definite part of it for an appreciable length of time. If the eyes move, they see nothing for about one-twentieth of a second. This explains the success of those sleight-of-hand tricks in which rapid movements of the fingers are absolutely unseen, while the eyes follow the larger movements of the hand. It also explains the necessity of looking at a relatively fixed point in boxing, fencing, etc.

While the new law will necessitate a reinvestigation of many psychological problems, it has an especially obvious bearing on the psychology of reading. Four years ago, in collaboration with Prof. Benno Erdmann, then of the University of Halle, Prussia, Prof. Dodge demonstrated that, contrary to the general impression, the eyes do not move regularly over a page as we read, but make a series of distinct pauses as they sweep along each line of print.

At that time evidence was made which seemed to show that the eyes actually saw the words only during these pauses. That evidence has recently been called in question by eminent authorities. The new experiments finally settle the question beyond all doubt, and justify the psychologically, as well as pedagogically, important conclusion that in reading the true unit of stimulation is not the individual letter, but a more or less extended group of letters.

The second series was a quantitative study of the eye movements, with particular reference to the rapidity of reading. This series involved the invention of a unique method of measuring the movements of the eye and the designing of a considerable amount of new apparatus, by the aid of which the first accurate measurements of the eye movements were affected. These measurements not only show the length, number, and velocity of the movements of the eye during reading, but they also furnish the first exact data for a study of the co-ordination of the eyes and the muscular fatigue of reading.—Chicago Tribune.

PICTURES THAT POINT.

Trick of "Foreshortening" to Give Moving Effect to Drawings.

"With the exception of making the eyes of a portrait follow you 'round,' there is no trick of the draughtsman which so much impresses the general public as violent foreshortening," remarked the designer for a St. Louis lithographing establishment now taking a vacation without pay to a New Orleans Times-Democrat man. "I long wondered why, for, as a rule, the public objects to anything which seems to violate common sense. I at last came to the conclusion that the secret is the same as that of the 'pursuing eyes'—namely, an apparent motion in the picture, which lends an uncanny mystery to it. It is, of course, not a conclusion to increase the self-satisfaction of the artist, who would like to see in the public interest some special recognition of his abilities. The trick is a favorite one with battle painters, who always have one of the prominent figures taking deadly aim at the spectator, and of late the advertisers have worked the racket to a finish with foreshortened highwaymen pointing foreshortened revolvers and foreshortened orators pointing foreshortening indexes, and I see that one of the weekly illustrated papers has just worked the scheme into its cover. The trick, however, is rather looked on askance by art committees and must be used with discretion if an artist does not want to draw upon himself the charge of fakery. A few years ago a violent example of the foreshortening trick was worked through into a prominent Northern exhibition of paintings. It was a woman, with extended arm pointing directly at the spectator, and the title, 'Conscience,' was one to work upon the imagination. Well, the picture simply swept the Cazins and Homers, and Gabriel Maxes out of consideration, and was by long odds the popular success of the exhibit. One afternoon I was watching the crowd circling around, allowing itself to be pursued by its conscience, when an old Irishman attracted general attention by trying to ram his head behind the picture frame. I finally asked him what on earth he was up to, when he answered: 'Oi just want ta see how thim clock wor-r-ks is set that makes the dom thing turn.'"

In a Sorry Plight.

A Maine family, whose woodpile has been mysteriously dwindling of nights, decided to fill one or two tempting big sticks with gunpowder and see if thus they could stop these depredations. They carried out these plans and watched for the shingles to rise on the cottages where the suspects lived. The wind rose first, however, and upset the woodpile, and now the owners of the wood can't for the life of them tell which sticks are loaded. In the meantime every time a stick of wood is put in the stove the whole crowd bolts for the door.

Amateur.

"Amateur is from the French aimer, to love, is it not?"

"I believe it is."

"The idea being, doubtless, that amateurs don't positively hate each other, as professionals do."—Detroit Journal.

No matter how poor a musician a girl is, she is a much better one than her neighbors think.

Very few liars are good liars.

RELIGIOUS NEWS AND GOSSIP.

Rise of a Young Clergyman.

Rev. Ernest M. Stires, rector of Grace Episcopal Church, in Wabash avenue, Chicago, has been offered and has accepted the rectorship of St. Thomas' Episcopal Church, Fifth avenue, New York. The rectorship of St. Thomas' Church carries with it a salary of $15,000. This bright young clergyman is only 35 years old and a native of Virginia. He was ordained in 1891 and before accepting the Chicago charge he was rector of churches in West Point, Va., and Augusta, Ga. He is a member of the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Episcopal Church.

REV. E. M. STIRES

A Singer and His Story.

Thirty years ago a lady stopped to speak to four neglected boys who, barefoot and poorly clad, were playing marbles in the streets of Mendota, Illinois. "Are you in Sunday-school?" she asked.

"No! Ain't got no clothes," replied one.

"Would you come if you had clothes?" she asked.

"You bet!" was one boy's emphatic reply.

"What are your names?" she asked.

"Peter Bilhorn," replied the first boy, and the others in turn gave their names. Peter was a German lad, the son of a widow. Clothes were provided, and he and the others kept their promise.

It was a warm Sunday, and the lady who had invited them, and who was to be their teacher, sat, all in white, telling her class of boys the story of the lesson. Almost or quite the only thing they remembered of it, as appeared afterward, was the way the teacher looked, and one thing she said and did. On the back of a card she drew a cross with the name "Jesus" above it, and said, "Boys, Jesus suffered to help us in our troubles. If you ever have any trouble, look to Him for help."

One day a terrific storm swept over the prairie town. The streets were all flooded, and the little stream that flowed through the town, usually nothing but a mere trickling of water, was a raging torrent. Boxes, barrels and the boards from a lumber-yard near by were swept away. The boys were there to see what work the storm had done, and Peter fell in.

He grasped at weeds on the bank, but they pulled out. He tried to get hold of a board, but it slipped away from him. He was carried under two bridges, on each of which futile efforts were made to rescue him. Toward a third bridge, and the last, he swept, and the roar of water was in his ears.

"In that moment," he says, "the vision of that teacher, all in white, and her words about looking to Jesus in time of trouble came to me. I put my hands together and prayed."

It was that gesture of the sinking boy that saved him, for two men on the bridge seized the uplifted hands and drew him out. For a time he was unconscious, and when he came to, after much rolling and rubbing, they asked him how he chanced to have his hands up as they were, and pressed together.

"I was ashamed to say that I was praying," he says, "and I asked, boastfully, 'Didn't you know I could swim?' But I kept thinking I had told a cowardly lie. I had learned in Sunday-school about the other Peter, the one in the New Testament, and it seemed to me I had denied the Lord just as he did."

This awaking of a tender conscience was the beginning of a Christian character in the lad. His interest in the Sunday-school grew with his growth. He became a Sunday-school singer, studied music and composed tunes of his own. His name now stands at the head of many Sunday-school songs, and he is known as a Gospel singer of influence and strength. In a recent meeting he told this story of his early life.

The teacher, whose influence was instrumental in his rescue so many years ago, is still living, the wife of a prominent Chicago merchant. Many have rejoiced in the former street-boy's life of usefulness, but hers is a peculiar joy. His consecrated service is one of her rewards.—Youth's Companion.

Illustration of Faith.

A most telling illustration was used by an English missionary in the course of his address. He held up a piece of paper, in which he said he put threepence, and taking out his watch he promised to give the packet to any one who came and took it within two minutes. The effect was dead silence. Then a boy laughed, and a few nudged their neighbors. One, however, started to his feet, which was the signal for others to follow, but he quickly ran to Mr. Jones and took the proffered gift. When the others had resumed their seats Mr. Jones asked the boy why he came. "Because you told me, sir," he answered. "Do you believe me?" "Oh, yes." "How much money have you got in your hand?" "Threepence, sir," said the boy. "How do you know? You have not opened it." "You told me so, sir." "Have you seen me before?" "Only yesterday." He was then told to open the packet, and he found not threepence, but ninepence more than his anticipations—a most beautiful way of showing how to expect the gift of eternal life, and, accepting, receive more than we thought.—Christian Conservator.

Heart Failure.

We see people breaking down spiritually. What is the matter? How does it come? Here is a man who gives up his interest in religious life and activity. He is seldom seen in the house of worship. He remains away from the place of prayer. He seems benumbed or paralyzed in his spiritual faculties. You appeal to him unsuccessfully to take his place in the work of the church. You seem to be talking to the dead. He seems to have slipped out of the ranks of the living. The trouble is with the heart. He has suffered his love to grow cold, so that his heart action is very feeble and scarcely different from death. His heart needs strength. He needs revival and renewal. Right in his heart should he welcome the ministrations of the Holy Spirit. Without this divine restorative he is feeble, useless, with dull and flickering life.—Herald and Presbyter.

Personal Duty.

If we want to do right, we may be sure that God is ready to help us know what is right, and ready to help us do it when we know what it is. It is at such a time that "thine ear shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it; when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left." Then it is that, "if any of you lacketh wisdom let him ask of God, Who giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing doubting." God is pledged to this help. Both Old Testament and New Testament declare this. The only point in doubt is, not God's willingness, but our need and faith. Why should that point be in question?—Sunday School Times.

WORKING OF THE CURFEW LAW.

Satisfactory Results of Its Enforcement in New England.

Newport has back its old bells and is ready for the introduction of the curfew law in this one particular. A word from the Chief of Police in Cambridge, Mass., has just been published in favor of this means for preserving the innocence of the children. Cambridge was formerly one of the worst towns known for the extent of its juvenile depravity. All this is changed now, and the New England air of respectability is again a feature of Cambridge life by night as well as by day. The law affects the conduct of the children at all hours. For those who fear something too arbitrary for our system of life in this curfew law the explanation of the Bangor Chief of Police as to its enforcement may be a help in seeing the advantage of having it, says the Newport (R. I.) News. He says of the curfew.

"I believe it is a grand success. We have very little complaint now of children being out after hours, but when one does come in it is from some section of the city not covered by the officers regularly, and an officer sent a few times to that locality speedily breaks it up. I do not believe our people would suffer the children to be out to any great extent without calling the attention of the police department to their duty in the matter. It was not long since that a friend who lives in a section of the city where children are, to say the least, very plenty, said to me that it was astonishing to him how soon the children disappeared from the street corners near his home at the stroke of the curfew. I presume that some people may have the same idea that some of our own had—namely, that the police were going to enforce this ordinance in an arbitrary manner and that no child near the age mentioned would be allowed to be seen on the street after the curfew sounded. We did not intend anything of the kind. Children who, for any good reason, are on the street are never bothered by the officers any more than before the passage of the ordinance. But when a child has been given fair warning and then keeps it up it is locked up and punished."

Privileged Passengers.

We are said to be the most highly favored people in the world; but are we? In every street car in Leipzig are hung copies of a bi-weekly newspaper, containing advertisements of the railroad time-tables, a few jokes, and notices of performances that are to be given at the different theaters. The newspapers are fastened on racks which are hung upon hooks in the corners of the cars. Passengers have the privilege of taking the papers down and reading them.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1901.

The San Francisco Examiner is trying the Schley-Sampson controversy through its columns in advance of the court of inquiry. Instead of helping, the course of the Examiner has a tendency to hurt the cause of Admiral Schley.

It is estimated that the big steel strike East has already cost over twelve millions dollars. The strike in San Francisco is costing a vast sum directly in the loss of wages and business, and no one can foresee or foretell the end.

It is to be regretted that some permanent plan, by arbitration or otherwise, cannot be established to prevent or settle such contrivances between capital and labor.

The horseless carriage is with us as a permanent vehicle. The number in use on our public highways is constantly increasing. Like the bicycle, the automobile will become a nuisance and source of danger to the public who use the roads for driving, unless regulated by law. The matter has been brought before our Board of Supervisors who will doubtless pass an ordinance fair to the automobile owners and which will protect the traveling public.

LITERARY NOTES.

Evidently no effort has been spared to make the Ladies' Home Journal for August a positive boon to its readers during these midsummer days. Its light readable articles, bright stories, clever poems, charming music, and numerous beautiful illustrations afford the easiest and pleasantest kind of entertainment for leisure hours. Enchanting views of the lovely scenery in the Engadine Valley and among the Swiss and Italian lakes, as well as such delightful articles as "The Singing Village of Germany" and "What Girl-Life in Italy means," allure the thoughts to foreign lands, while there are timely suggestions about "The Picnic Basket," "Keeping a House Cool in the Dog Days," and "Sea-Side Toys and How to Make Them." Other thoroughly interesting contributions are "The First White Baby Born in the Northwest," "My Boarding-School for Girls," and the usual series and department articles. By The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia. One dollar a year; ten cents a copy.

ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON'S WOOD-LORE.

Every reader of Ernest Seton-Thompson's graphic animal stories retains a deep impression of the author's profound mastery of wood-lore. The wonder is how he accumulated such a never-failing fund of it. Some interesting information about how he lives in camp and works "in the open" is given in an illustrated article, "With Seton-Thompson in the Woods," which The Ladies' Home Journal will soon publish.

Shoving the Queer.

The game of counterfeiting in this country is played by people of all nationalities, and, although some women and children are used as tools, men take the principal parts. After having made the coin the great problem is how to convert it into good money. The maker rarely takes part in that operation. It is the business of gangs, which consist usually of two persons, known as the "holder" and the "shover."

The holder carries a stock of the counterfeit money, and the shover has one piece. This he takes to a store or a saloon and buys something for a small amount, and when he comes into the street the holder sees him from his position a block away, joins him, receives the good money and hands him another counterfeit.

The object is to work so that the shover, if detected, may plead innocence and prove that the piece is the only one that he has and that he has no other money. Some clever operators go so far as to mix good coin with the bad.

The Child at Play.

Play is the means whereby individual powers are acquired. It is the apprenticeship for the work of life. A little child at play is "at his lessons."—H. B. Drummond's "The Child."

About Right.

No man should ever make excuses to a woman who loves him. Let him say he is sorry and loves her, and she will make the excuses and accept them too. —New Lippincott.

THE WRECK OF "JULIE PLANTE."

A Tale of Lac St. Pierre.

On wan dark night on Lac Saint Pierre,
De win' she blow, blow, blow,
An' de crew of the wood scow "Julie Plante"
Got scar't an' run below—
For de win' she blow lak' hurricain,
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' h'up on Lac Saint Pierre,
Wan h'arpent from de shore.

De captinne walk h'on de fronte deck,
An' walk de hin' deck, too.
He call de crew from h'up de 'ole,
He call de cook h'also,
De cook she's name was Rosie,
She comes from Montreal,
Was chambre maid h'on lombaire barge,
H'on de Grand La Chine Canal.

De win' she's blow from nor'-eass-wess—
De sout' win' she's blow, too,
W'en Rosie cry, "Mon cher captinne,
Mon cher, what I shall do!"
Den de captinne trow de big h'ankerre,
But steel de scow she dreef,
De crew he can't pass on de shore,
Becos he loss hees skeef.

De night was dark lak' wan black cat,
De wave run 'igh and fas',
W'en de captinne tak' de poor Rosie,
An' tie her to de mas'.
Den he h'also tak de life preserve,
An' jomp h'off on de lak',
An' say, "Good-bye, ma Rosie dear,
I go drown for your sak'."

Nex' morning very h'early
'Bout ha'-pas' two-t'ree-four—
De captinne-scow-an' de poor Rosie
Was corpses on de shore.
For de win' she blow lak hurricain,
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' h'up on Lac Saint Pierre,
Wan h'arpent from de shore.

MORAL.

Now h'all good wood-scow sailor man,
Tak' warning by dat storm,
An' go an' marry some nice French girl,
An' leev on one beeg farm.
De win' can blow lak' hurricain,
An' s'pose she blow some more,
You can't get drown h'on Lac Saint Pierre,
So long you stay h'on shore.

DRUMMOND.

The Fruits of War.

Not long ago I visited the town of Novara, in northern Italy. There in a wheatfield the farmers have plowed up skulls of men until they have piled up a pyramid 10 or 12 feet high. Over this pyramid some one has built a canopy to keep off the rain. These were the skulls of young men of Savoy, Sardinia and Austria—men of 18 to 35 years of age, peasants from the farms and workmen from the shops—who met at Novara to kill each other over a matter in which they had very little concern.

Further on Frenchmen, Austrians and Italians fell together at Magenta, the hue of the blood that flowed out under the olive trees. Go over Italy as you will there is scarcely a spot not crimsoned by the blood of France, scarcely a railway station without its pile of French skulls. You can trace them across to Egypt, to the foot of the pyramids. You will find them in Germany—at Jena and Leipsic, at Lutzen and Bautzen and Austerlitz. You will find them in Russia at Moscow, in Belgium at Waterloo. "A boy can stop a bullet as well as a man," said Napoleon. And with the rest are the skulls and bones of boys "ere evening to be trodden like the grass."—Popular Science Monthly.

Queer Turkish Fish.

April 19 is the great fete day of "Balukli," or place of fishes. This is a small church situated outside the walls of Constantinople, and it enjoyed no particular reputation before the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks. At the time of the invasion, however, a monk was cooking some fish there when a messenger came and told him that the Turks had entered Constantinople. The monk did not believe the story and said he would sooner believe that the half cooked fish would jump back into the water. As he spoke the fish jumped back into the water, and since then the place has had a great reputation for its healing powers.

A church has been built over the spring dedicated to "Our Lady of the Fishes," and on this day a regular pilgrimage takes place from all parts of the town. Many sick are carried thither, and many miraculous cures are reported. The truth of the story is proved by the presence in a large marble lined tank in the church of the lineal descendants of the half cooked fish. Any one who does not believe has only to look in the water, and he will see them, brown on one side and white on the other, swimming about at their ease.

An Approach to Perpetual Motion.

A clock is to be seen at Brussels which comes about as near being a perpetual motion machine as can be invented, for the sun does the winding. The following is the method by which it works: A shaft exposed to the solar rays causes an up draft of air, which sets the fan in motion. The fan actuates mechanism which raises the weight of the clock until it reaches the top and then puts a break on the fan till the weight has gone down a little, when the fan is again liberated and proceeds to act as before. As long as the sun shines frequently enough and the machinery does not wear out the clock will keep in perpetual motion.

In Retreat.

Down from the upper air floated the strains of music, yet Neptune was visibly annoyed.

"What's gnawing at thy vitals, sire?" asked a mermaid.

"I wish in the name of Orpheus," said the sea king, "that boating parties could sing something else besides 'A Life on the Ocean Wave.'"

And forthwith he crawled into a cave and pulled the cave in after him.

Playing It Down Low.

"I haven't much use for Blithersley," said the proud papa.

"Why?" asked the proud mamma.

"I listened to him for an hour today while he told me about what his baby had said or tried to say, and just as I was about to tell him about ours he left me, saying he had to catch a train." —Baltimore American.

ONE PHASE OF MANIA.

The Fear of Space Is as Real as Any Other Kind of Fear.

"But speaking of manias," said an observant citizen, "several years ago I had occasion to study the most singular case of dread that I ever saw in my life, and it was the case, too, of a man whose personal history and whose great genius would be far more interesting than this single peculiarity. But I shall refrain from any minute reference to the man or to the part he played in life. He is a poet and is known from one end of the country to the other for the brilliance of his verse. Wherever there is a gathering of Bohemians he is quoted quite as often as Omar, and in fact some of his lines are more popular in this country than any of the catchy bits of Bohemianism that are found in the Rubaiyat.

"He used to come to my office very often, and there was a mutual friend who had an office just under mine. My friend's office was in the basement, and there was a rather dark stairway that led down to it. As often as he would come to my office he would ask me to show him the way to the office of my friend, and I would do so. I would go nearly to the top of the steps with him. He would pause, gaze down the long stairway as if half alarmed and then walk out the hallway to the street. The first time I paid no attention to the matter, as I thought he had just changed his mind or that he just wanted to learn where the office was in order to call some other time. But my suspicion was aroused when he kept on asking me where the office of our friend was, so I made up my mind to make a close study of the matter and waited probably a week before my friend, the poet, called again. When he had concluded his talk with me, he turned to me and asked that I show him the way to the office of our friend. I was glad to do it in order to observe more closely his conduct. He went through the usual performance, failing to go down the stairway.

"I went to a physician," the narrator continued, "who made a specialty of peculiar things in a psychological way and told him how strangely the poet had acted. The last time I had gone to the stairway with him he seemed to linger longer than usual, and his face wore a frantic cast as he looked down the long, dark stairway. The physician immediately classified the mental derangement and told me that he had never seen a case of it and would like to meet the poet in order to conduct an experiment. He said it was a fear of space and gave me the technical name for it, but this is unimportant. The physician told me that it was a rare mental disease and manifested itself in different ways. But a general symptom was found in a fear of dark places.

"'The fact is,' the physician said, 'that men afflicted in this way are afraid that they will be swallowed up by some great and bottomless chasm, and no doubt our poet friend believed that if he had ventured down the dark stairway which led to the office of his friend he would have stepped off of the earth, and, as he was not ready to quit the world, he did not go.'

"After this the physician met the poet, and he told me of a number of interesting experiments he had made with him and said there was no question about the correctness of his first diagnosis. It was a case of fear of space, and after the poet is gone, if the physician survives him, he will probably regale his scientific brethren with a rather interesting record taken from the life of one of America's great poets."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Pot Walloper.

The parliamentary register for 1896 showed that there was then only one pot walloper in all England. One seeing the term for the first time might easily imagine that a pot walloper was a species of ichthyosaurus or some other reptile of a past age. It will be discovered upon inquiry, however, that the term "pot walloper" is literally one who boils a pot and was applied to voters in certain boroughs of England where, before the passage of the reform bill of 1832, the qualifications for suffrage was to have boiled (walloped) his own pot in the parish for six months.

A Curious Tree.

There is a curious combination tree in West Stockbridge, Mass. It is primarily a maple which measures, a foot from the ground, 12 feet 3 inches in circumference. Fifteen feet from the ground there are one or two birch limbs growing, and higher up are currant and raspberry bushes which bear fruit each year. It is not stated whether the sugar made from its sap has a raspberry flavor, or the birch bark a currant color and taste, or the berries a spicy tang of birch. It is very old and bids fair to stand for many years longer.

The Single Thought.

"Ah," sighed the fond mother, "two souls with but a single thought!"

"Yes," echoed paterfamilias, "and less than one dollar. I don't know how they're going to make it, Mary, unless—er—perhaps that single thought they've got is that papa's going to put up for two."—Denver Times.

In the Dumps.

There was once upon a time an Egyptian king, so it is said, who built a pyramid and died of melancholy. His name was Dumops. The memory of his tragic history is perpetuated every time we say we are "in the dumps."

Sarcastic.

He looked about 7 years old, and he sat beside his mother in a Broadway car one day last week. "He's 4," remarked the mother as the conductor held out his hand for the fare. With never a smile, "Is he married?" asked the conductor.—New York Sun.

THE TALE OF A DOG.

A TRUTHFUL NARRATIVE OF CANINE TENACITY AND SAGACITY.

As the Story of the Feat Was Related by a Preacher Who Was a Party to the Incident No Further Testimony Is Necessary.

A certain Nashville statesman is about one of the best story tellers in Tennessee, and his repertoire includes a lot of good ones, fish and otherwise. On the truthfulness of some he will stake his reputation for veracity, but he tells one which he always prefixes with the statement that it was told him by a minister of the gospel, Dr. Bardwell, who will be remembered here by the older inhabitants as the assistant of Dr. Edgar of revered memory, who was pastor of the First Presbyterian church during the latter years of General Andrew Jackson's life and attended the old hero in his last illness. The story teller said:

"Dr. Bardwell used to visit my father's house when I was a boy, and the story I am about to tell you was related to me on the occasion of one of these visits. We were out on the veranda smoking one evening after supper. The doctor was fond of dogs and was a pretty good sportsman and naturally the conversation turned on this subject.

"'Speaking of dogs,' said Dr. Bardwell, 'reminds me of a dog which belonged to a friend of mine in Mississippi. I had been invited to hold services at a church near this friend's house and wrote him to meet me at the station, some six miles from his house, on the Saturday afternoon before Sunday, the day of the appointment.

"'He was on time with horses, and we started to his home. I noticed that a very handsome bird dog followed us, and, having heard that some one in that neighborhood owned an especially well trained trick dog, I asked my friend about it.

"'"That's the dog," at the same time pointing at his dog, which had run ahead of us and was waiting at the forks of the road.

"'I asked him to make him perform a trick. He got down from his horse, called the dog and, taking out his pocketbook, held it to the dog's nose. He then took out a silver half dollar and, walking some distance into the woods, raised up a large rock and put the money under it. We then resumed our journey, and when probably half a mile away my friend called his dog and told him to go back and get the money.

"'The dog, without the least hesitation, started back on a run, and, my friend explained, as the rock was heavy the dog would be unable to turn it over, so would have to scratch under it to reach the piece of money, and he would not probably get home before we reached there, it then being about three miles farther on to his house.

"'However, when we reached home the dog was not there. We ate supper, and still the dog did not come, nor had he put in an appearance when we retired at about 10 o'clock.

"'The next morning we got up about daylight, and, hearing a noise outside, my friend opened the door, and the dog rushed in dragging with him a pair of pantaloons, which he dropped on the floor.

"'Of course we were both mystified, but had not long to wait an explanation, for shortly afterward a man who lived several miles from my friend's house rode up on a mule and inquired if a dog with a pair of pantaloons in his mouth had come into the house. The dog at this moment came out on the porch, and the man said, "Why, there's the dog now."

"'My friend told his caller that the dog had really brought a pair of pantaloons home with him, but he did not understand it himself.

"'The man said that late in the afternoon the day before he found the dog scratching under a large rock near the road and, thinking he was after a rabbit, stopped and lifted the rock up, and, to his surprise, found a half dollar on the underside.

"'He put the money in his pocket, and the dog followed him home. The dog appeared to be friendly, and the man petted him and gave him his supper. At night when the family retired the dog was put on the outside, but he kept up such a racket that no one could sleep on the place, and when the man opened the door to drive the dog off he rushed into his bedroom and at once became very quiet, lying down near the foot of the bed, where he slept all night.

"'Early in the morning, the man said, he got up and opened the window, and the instant he did so the dog seized his pantaloons in his mouth and, jumping out of the window, fled.

"'The man followed as soon as he could get his mule.

"'Hearing this story, my friend got the pantaloons and on searching the pockets found the half dollar which he had hid under the rock the afternoon before.'"—Nashville Banner.

When Jack Tar Whistles.

The first time I went to sea I was whistling blithely one day, for the sun was bright and the breeze was fresh and the tub was spanking along under all her canvas, when a sailor warned me to stop, writes Charles M. Skinner in Lippincott's Magazine. I asked why. He said the wind was coming up fast enough as it was and that if I kept on whistling I would be fetching a gale about their ears. Afterward I learned that it is permissible to whistle during a calm, and indeed I have known captains and mates to turn toward the quarter from which they wished the wind to spring and whistle for some minutes. But it is against all custom to whistle when the wind is rising, for that is notice to Davy Jones that you want more, and he may turn on a hurricane.

The Englishman and His Order.

An Englishman at a Chicago hotel ordered a trap. He ordered it of an intelligent looking key clerk behind the desk. Then he went up stairs to his room to prepare himself for the drive. He waited half an hour for the announcement that the vehicle was below. He began to wonder if this was an example of the American hustle whose reputation had crossed the Atlantic.

Presently came a knock on the door. "Come in," bade the Englishman.

Entered a mechanical looking man in his shirt sleeves.

"Where's the hole?" was his question.

"Hole?" queried the Englishman. "I wanted a trap."

"Here it is," said the toiler, "and it'll catch that mouse sure."

The Englishman's mouth opened in astonishment. "Mouse! What do you mean? Who are you, anyhow?"

"I'm the hotel carpenter, sir, and I've brought up the trap you ordered!"

The Englishman glared. Then it penetrated his Saxon wits, and he roared.

He gave the carpenter half a dollar and swore the joke for once was on America.

A Beaver's Toilet.

It is an interesting sight to watch the outlaw at his evening toilet. To begin with, instead of sitting up with his large, flat, ribbed tail protruding behind him, he tucked it forward between his hind legs and sat upon it. Then with his hand he carefully combed his long hair, using both hands at the same time. There were many places, however, that could not be reached in this way, for his arms are very short and his body very large, so he combed these otherwise inaccessible places with his hind feet, using first one and then the other. The entire operation was performed with the utmost deliberation and care and occupied more than a quarter of an hour, so that by the time it was completed daylight had almost vanished.

My presence did not appear to disturb him in the least, though I sat on the ground within three feet of him that I might the better note his various attitudes, for it is not often one has an opportunity of watching a beaver at such close range.—Everybody's Magazine.

The Military Salute.

All salutes, from taking off the hat to presenting arms, originally implied respect or submission. Of military salutes, raising the right hand to the head is generally believed to have originated from the days of the tournament, when the knights filed past the throne of the queen of beauty and, by way of compliment, raised their hands to their brows to imply that her beauty was too dazzling for unshaded eyes to gaze upon.

The officer's salute with the sword has a double meaning. The first position, with the hilt opposite the lips, is a repetition of the crusader's action in kissing the cross hilt of his sword in token of faith and fealty, while lowering the point afterward implies either submission or friendship, meaning in either case that it is no longer necessary to stand on guard. Raising the hand to the forehead has also been explained as a sign that the weaponed hand is empty and in an inoffensive position, but this reason does not seem so convincing as the others.

Accommodating.

Jinks—Have you got quarters for a dollar, old man?

Winks—My vest pocket is rather crowded, but pass it over, and I'll try to make room for it.

The Drones In a Beehive.

To the drones nature has certainly been very bountiful. They are very large and strong, have a helmet made of enormous black pearls, two lofty quivering plumes, a doublet of iridescent, yellowish velvet, a heroic tuft and a fourfold mantle, translucent and rigid.

While the workers have 12,000 facets to their eyes, the drones are gifted with 26,000; while the workers have 5,000 olfactory cavities in their antennæ, the drones have over 60,000. While the workers are laboring for the benefit of the community the drones sail off every bright morning into space, irresistible, glorious, and tranquilly make for the nearest flowers, where they sleep till the afternoon freshness awakes them.

Then, with the same majestic pomp and still overflowing with magnificent schemes, they return to the hive, go straight to the cells, plunge their heads to the neck in the vats of honey and fill themselves tight as a drum to repair their exhausted strength, whereupon, with heavy steps, they go forth to meet the good, dreamless and careless slumber that shall fold them in its embrace till the time for the next repast.—Maeterlinck's "Life of a Bee."

Bullfighters Afraid of Cows.

It will probably not surprise our readers to hear that most Spanish bullfighters object to fighting cows. The real reason may, however, astonish them. A sportsmanlike objection to persecuting a female animal has nothing whatever to do with it. The fact is that the average toreador is sincerely afraid of a cow.

And he has good reason. The cows of the half wild breed used for the arena are much quicker in their movements than are the bulls. Their horns are more pointed and more formidable. They do not lower their heads to the ground, shut their eyes and charge like a locomotive upon the rails, but are alert and ready to follow every movement of their persecutors. Their warlike tactics have been adapted not to blind, bovine frontal attacks, but to the strategy of active and cunning beasts of prey, of which the human bullfighter is only a feeble mimic. If these cheap idols of the Spanish populace would face young and active wild cows which had just been robbed of their calves, they might perhaps forestall the butcher, but they would, at any rate, do something to earn their laurels.—Pearson's

Sea Bathing.

A person can easily determine with one indulgence whether or not open air bathing is hurtful to him. If circulation is speedily restored after he has left the water, if his skin is well reddened and he is soon well warmed up and as strong and "lively" as when he took his first plunge, then he may properly assume that his bath has done him good. If, on the other hand, his skin continues cold and clammy for 15 or 20 minutes, notwithstanding the brisk rubbing he gives himself, and for an hour or more afterward he is weak, dull and languid, then he may be tolerably certain that there is something wrong with him which forbids cold bathing.

Curing a Mule.

A mule in a pack train which was usually loaded with salt discovered that by lying down when fording a certain stream and allowing the salt to dissolve he could lighten his burden. The muleteer once loaded him with sponges instead, which absorbed water when he lay down in the stream and made his burden fourfold heavier. The mule was cured of his smartness.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

REAL ESTATE

AND

INSURANCE

LOCAL AGENT FOR THE

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

AGENT

HAMBURG-BREMEN,
PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,
AND HOME of New York

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

House Broker,
Notary Public.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL.

TOWN NEWS.

A little bit warm.

Look out for fire.

Good opening for a tailor shop.

Mr. G. W. Bennett was in town Sunday.

The Board of Supervisors will meet next Monday.

D. Monace has rented one of the Bennett stores.

J. M. O'Connor has purchased the personal property of Mrs. Coll.

Supt. R. K. Patchell is taking his vacation at the Patchell Ranch, near Morgan Hill.

W. D. Bailey has completed the work of painting and papering three of the Tilton cottages.

Aunt Jane Gibson left on Saturday last for a two months visit with her daughter at Lydell, Cal.

Ambrose McSweeney, with his wife and baby, are enjoying the coast breezes at Half Moon bay.

Mr. E. G. Hursh of San Francisco, Special Pension Examiner, was in town on official business Tuesday.

Miss Annie Naylon has leased the Arcade Hotel and will open it at once as a first-class boarding house without a bar.

Mr. G. W. Lovie, of Redwood City, paid our town a visit on Wednesday, on business for his San Mateo County Building and Loan Association.

The California Jockey Club has announced its list of stakes for next fall and winter meeting. The racing season will open at Tanforan Park on Nov. 2nd.

Frank Miner has completed the foundation for Mrs. Ripley's new cottage on Commercial avenue, and Contractor Medus has the building fairly under way.

On Friday of last week County Surveyor Gilbert and a corps of assistants were in town making survey for the line of the Standard Electric Power Co. The line of survey was on Linden avenue.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building. *

On Saturday last Otto Burlinger's meat wagon team ran away, smashing the wagon and scattering the contents along Grand avenue. Every dog in town had a choice steak as a consequence.

The town was filled with smoke about noon of Wednesday from a grass fire at the cemeteries. Too much care cannot be taken to guard against fire as everything is so dry that a spark will start a conflagration.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms. *

Otto Ripe was discharged from the Agnews Asylum on July 27th, and returned to town on the 28th. Mr. Ripe is entirely recovered, and comes back in perfect health, both physically and mentally.

Health Officer Dr. Barrett was in town on Saturday last. Dr. Barrett was returning from an inspection of the garbage dumps on San Bruno road. The San Francisco Scavengers will not be permitted to use this county as a dumping ground if Dr. Barrett can stop it.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Postoffice building. *

A grand barbecue and ball will be given by our local Journeymen Butchers this evening at Armour Pavilion. Tickets, including barbecue, 50 cents; ladies free. A large number of prizes, donated by citizens, will be distributed during the evening to holders of the lucky numbers.

Mr. Kneese has received a letter from his son George, who sailed on the German steamer Acumon for Hamburg. The letter was mailed at Mazatlan, Mexico, where the steamer touched. The lad was well, but suffered from his first attack of home-sickness, which, doubtless, was as trying for the boy as the sickness of the sea.

Mr. Thos. Hickey has bought the newspaper route covering the three big morning dailies of San Francisco, viz.: The Chronicle, Call and Examiner. The route is a very valuable property, and was purchased by Mr. Hickey from the administratrix of the estate of Nicholas Lund, deceased. Danny Sullivan will have charge of the route for Mr. Hickey.

Our public school will open on Monday next, with H. R. Painton as principal. Miss Bertha Bacher, Miss Lulu Lewis and Miss M. McGovern as assistants. Miss Bacher takes the place of Miss Kuck, Miss McGovern will take Miss Mount's room, and Miss Lewis will take the primary grade formerly taught by Miss McGovern.

Miss Nellie Mills, who has been visiting Mrs. M. E. Earle, at this place, returned to her home at Volta, Merced county, on Monday. Upon her return Miss Mills was accompanied by Mrs. Earle. Miss Mills and Mrs. Earle were school girls together at Volta, and Mrs. Earle will be warmly welcomed by those who knew her in her happy childhood. Mrs. Earle has been keeping house here for her brother Wm. Aiken, and Billy will be lonesome now.

Two runaways recently occurred in this vicinity through automobiles frightening horses. One, a light outfit, hastily departed from the Union Hotel, but the horse was recaptured and no damage was done. The other resulted in the destruction of the delivery wagon of George Gouzenes, the Millbrae butcher. The outfit had been left standing while a customer was being served, when a passing automobile frightened the horses, causing them to run away.—Leader, San Mateo.

GRADING FOR THE DOUBLE TRACK.

The first actual work in connection with the construction of the double track between San Mateo and Millbrae was commenced last week and is now in progress. A force of men and teams are grading at the present time a short distance north of Burlingame station, where a camp for the workmen has been set up. It is stated the contract for the grading from San Mateo to Millbrae has been let.

In addition a gravel train is plying regularly between Coyote and points north of this place, transporting material necessary for the widening of the right-of-way.—Leader, San Mateo.

READ THIS NOTICE.

$25 Reward.—The Board of Supervisors of the County of San Mateo offer a reward of $25 for evidence that will lead to the arrest and conviction of persons violating the fish and game laws of said county. The following is the open season for taking or killing game or fish in said county each year: Trout, from April 1st to Nov. 1st; deer, from Aug. 1st to Sept. 15th; doves, from Aug. 1st to Feb. 1st; ducks, from Oct. 1st to Feb. 1st; quail, from Nov. 1st to Dec. 1st; rail, from Oct. 15th to Nov. 15th. Shooting rail from boats at high tide prohibited. Offenders will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. By order of the Board of Supervisors of San Mateo county. Dated July 15th, 1901.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

The following list of letters remain unclaimed at postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 1st, 1901: Clark, D. L., 2; Curtis Clark; Daruda, Antonio F.; Dunn, J.; McCurry, Geo.; Smith, Peter; Syndera, Matt; Trubschurch, N.

E. E. Cunningham, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICE.

There will be services at Grace Mission every Sunday a. m. and not in the evening for the summer months.

TO LET.

New house, modern improvements, two flats. Lower floor flat, $10; upper flat, $12 per month. Inquire at Postoffice.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of $10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

Posing as a Model.

A curious feature of a model's occupation is her posing for an artist who is painting some one else. Wealthy people are capricious and often do not care to give long sittings. Therefore, after the artist has caught the expression of the face, he will call in a model to pose for the figure. Some models do not care to do this, as part of their enjoyment of their occupation consists in seeing themselves reproduced on canvas, but there are others who are quite willing to help fill out.

Various models have various points of excellence, and often a painter will employ at different stages in the progress of his work from three to four models for one figure on his canvas. One model is known for her coloring, another for her hands, another for her hair. An artist generally notes in his address book the characteristics of a model after her name. These quotations are taken at random from an artist's address book: "Fine young Jewess," "English, tall and slim, blond, costume;" "Good back," "Good figure, short legs, ivory tone."—Cosmopolitan.

His Manners All In a Bunch.

The laundress' little boy is being strenuously brought up "by hand." "Why, mum," she said despairingly, "if I pounded that boy black and blue I couldn't learn him his manners. Here, Willie!" to the urchin, who was looking confusedly at some pennies given him by the mistress. "What do you say to the lady?"

Willie looked troubled. Then, "Yes, ma'am; no, ma'am; pease, fank you, estuse me," he said breathlessly, remembering all his "manners" at once, the occasion evidently being great.

SARCASM IN SIGNS.

ADVERTISEMENTS THAT AT TIMES BECOME A MOCKERY.

Reminiscences of Men Who Had Seen Worse Days and Irritating Announcements When They Were Hard Up and Out of Employment.

The advance agent met the leading man of another show the other night, and, as they had not seen each other in seven years, there was a warmness about their greeting that was refreshing.

"Dear old Tom!" said the leading man. "I was thinking of you not five minutes ago. Sit down, you dear old fellow! I passed a bakery not five minutes ago, and I thought of you. Why, here's Willis! I was just saying to Tom that I never see a baker's that I don't think of him. Tom and I were poor once! Mighty poor too. I remember that we had been turned out of different homes on the same cold night and met each other for the first time by chance. We shared the comforts of a butcher's wagon that night and went upon a rummaging expedition the next day. We halted in front of a German bakery, half starved and disgusted with life generally. There was a huge sign in the window which said, 'There Is No Cake Like Ours.' We hadn't a penny between us, but Tom stepped in and asked for a sample of the cake. The Dutchman didn't appreciate the humor of the request, so Tom said, 'You may keep your cake, boss; but, say, give me a chunk of bread, quick, or I'll cut out your gizzard.' I'll never forget that cake sign because it took us hours to get away from the police who were attracted to the scene by the baker's cries for help."

"But that was not my only experience with a peculiar sign," remarked the advance agent after a hearty laugh. "The year before I went on the road for the first time I was in as hard luck as ever man was. I had pawned everything in sight and was almost starved. I found an umbrella in the hallway of a down town building, and the janitor told me to keep it. It was a fairly good rain shield, and I immediately carried it to mine uncle. I didn't know this particular relative, although I had formed the acquaintance of hundreds of his people. His place was on Sixth avenue, and he gave me 75 cents on it, which I gladly accepted. As he was making out the ticket he said:

"'Do you want to save it from the moths?'

"'Yes,' I answered.

"'That will cost you 12 cents. Perhaps you would like to have it insured? It is always advisable, but it will cost you 12 cents more,' replied my friend.

"'All right,' I said. 'Take good care of it.' He could have eaten it for all I cared, for I never intended to redeem it. I was about to leave the place when I saw a big sign on the far wall. It said:

"'No extra charge for putting watches and jewelry in the safe in the office.'

"Watches and jewelry! It brought the tears to my eyes, and as I crawled into my 10 cent bed that night I thought of diamond necklaces, pearls and rubies of priceless value and—cake. Oh, the curse of some signs! How they mock the poor!"

They were all silent a moment, but the one addressed as Willis was the first to resume conversation, and he said:

"There's my friend, Big John Smith. Let me introduce him. Since you chaps are talking of signs and hard luck, let me tell you of the time that I had to leave my trunk at the old Stevens House, on lower Broadway, and light out by the shades of midnight to get away from a hotel bill that I couldn't pay. Everything I had in the world was locked up in that trunk, and as I could not remove anything without exciting suspicion I thought it best to keep out of jail by leaving everything behind me. I must have walked the streets at least a week famished and penniless. One afternoon I was passing along an up town street, hoping to die, when I happened to look up and saw a sign as big as my hopes were small. This sign read:

"'We Are Not Daylight Robbers. Trunks! Trunks! From the Battery to the Harlem Bridge to Your Room For 25 Cents.'

"If that sign was not the irony of fate in my case, I do not know what to call it."

"Oh, that's a small affair alongside of my experience," said Smith. "It is only a few years ago too. I had been unemployed for several months, and as I had six little shavers to take care of I did not have much trouble spending the little money I had saved. I didn't seem to have a friend in the wide world to turn to, and I spent my last copper for a paper to examine the employment column. It was about Christmas time, and I dreaded going back home to face the scolding landlord. I recall that I stopped in front of the Harlem office of a newspaper to see the holiday crowd go by, and as I did so I saw a sign that made my blood run cold. It said:

"'There Is No Reason Why You Should Be Idle. Insert a Want Ad. Four Cents a Line.'

"The pronoun was printed in immense letters, and I had the greatest trouble dissuading myself that it was not intended for me, and me alone. Of course it wasn't, but that sign burned into my memory, and I have thought of it innumerable times since."

"Oh, pshaw!" rejoined the leading man after a pause. "I suppose it is impossible to please everybody with public signs. I saw one in Buffalo once which said: 'Attention, blind men. Read this and be cured,' which referred to a new treatment for the blind. All signs cannot be expected to satisfy the ideas of everybody."—New York Mail and Express.

Ancient Skyscrapers.

The idea prevails that skyscrapers are of modern American origin, but Professor Lanciani declares that in ancient Rome, as early as the time of Augustus, buildings 10 or 12 stories high were common. Later they are believed to have been much higher, rivaling our most modern apartment building in size and height. It is well known that at Constantinople the Emperor Constantine found his view of the water cut off by the skyscrapers erected between his palace and the water front, though he had placed his palace on high ground.

A Matter of Dialect.

An elderly Scotsman was tried for a slight offense and was put in prison. The warder handed him a pail of water next morning, with the remark, "That's to clean your cell." What was his astonishment on returning to find Sandy, who had divested himself of his clothing, having a bath.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the warder. "What are you doing Sandy?"

Sandy (turning round quite innocently)—Didn't ye say it was to clean masel?—Pearson's Weekly.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE — Being offered freely and prices are lower.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at easy prices.

HOGS—Hogs are in demand at strong prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are ₱ lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Steers, 8c; 2d quality, 7¾c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 6½@7c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6½c; thin Cows, 5@6c.

HOGS—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under 6½@6⅝; over 250 to 300 lbs, 5¾@6c; rough heavy hogs, 4½@5.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 3¾@4c; Ewes, 3¼@3½c. Suckling Lambs, $2.50@3 per head; or 4½@5c per lb live wt.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive gross weight, 5½@6c; over 250 lbs, 4¾@5c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 6½@6¾c; second quality, 6@6¼c; first quality cows and heifers, 6c; second quality, 5½c; third quality, 4½@5c.

VEAL—Large, 7@8c; small, good, 9@9½c; common, 8c.

MUTTON—Wethers, 7@8c; Ewes, 6½@7½c; Suckling Lambs, 8@9c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 9@9½c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 14c; picnic hams, 10½c; Atlanta ham, 10½c; New York, shoulder, 10¼c.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 16c; light S. C. bacon, 15c; med. bacon, clear, 12c; Lt. med. bacon clear, 12½c; clear light, bacon, 13½c; clear ex. light bacon, 14½c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, $11.00; do, hf-bbl, $5.75; Family Beef, bbl, $10.50; hf-bbl, $5.50; Extra Mess, bbl, $10.50; do, hf-bbl, $5.50.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 11c; do, light, 11¼c; do, Bellies, 11½c; Extra Clear, bbls., $22.50; hf-bbls., $11.50, Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls., $4.75; do, kits; $1.25.

LARD—Prices are ₱ lb:

	Tcs.	½-bbls.	50s.	20s.	10s.	5s.
Compound	7½	7¾	7¾	7⅞	8¼	8⅜
Cal. pure	10½	10¾	10¾	10⅞	11¼	11⅜

In 3-lb tins the price on each is ⅛c higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, $2.35; 1s $1.30; Roast Beef, 2s $2.35; 1s, $1.30.

TERMS—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

Save Your Money

—By Going to—

Ward, Sweeney & Co.

(Formerly with Kavanagh & Co.)

Wholesale and Retail

GROCERS,

309 and 311 THIRD STREET,

Telephone—Red 1712. San Francisco.

Orders delivered to Alameda, Marin and San Mateo Counties Free of Charge.

San Mateo County

Building and Loan

Association.

Assets, - - - $175,000.00.

Loans made on the Ordinary or Definite Contract plans, paying out in from five to twelve years as may be desired, with privilege of partial or total repayment before maturity.

No ADVANCE PREMIUM or unnecessary expense.

GEO. W. LOVIE, Secretary,
Redwood City, Cal.

The Real Thing.

A Genuine Wayside Inn.

Admirably situated in a beautiful grove on the old San Bruno Bay Road, the finest driveway out of San Francisco.

Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.

Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.

Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.

W. R. MARKT, Proprietor.

Walter F. Bailey

Painting and Decorating

In all its Branches.

104 Grand Ave., South San Francisco, Cal.

Leave orders at Office in Merriam Block. P. O. Box 75.

H. G. Plymire, M. D.

SURGEON, W. M. CO.

OFFICE HOURS—1 to 4, and 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO,
San Mateo County, Cal.

Residence, Martin Brick Block, Grand avenue.

BADEN SHOE STORE

First-Class Stock

BOOTS : and : SHOES,

Constantly on hand and for sale

Below City Prices.

All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and Repairing neatly done.

P. L. KAUFFMANN, Prop.

GRAND AVE., South San Francisco.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

IF YOU WANT

GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

ARMOUR HOTEL.

Table and Accommodations the Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in Connection with the Hotel.

German Bakery and Confectionery

Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies delivered at any hour of every day. Fancy Cakes and Ice Cream made to order. Genuine French Bread baked every day.

HENRY MICHENFELDER, Proprietor.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Beer AND Ice

—WHOLESALE—

THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.

For the Celebrated Beers of the

Wieland, Fredericksburg,
United States, Chicago,
Willows and
South San Francisco

BREWERIES

—AND—

THE UNION ICE CO.

Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

J. L. WOOD,

Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited.

South San Francisco, Cal.

FRENCH LAUNDRY.

MADAME MOULUCON, Proprietress.

Ordinary Washing at Moderate Rates.

Special Attention given to Flannels and Blankets, Silks, Satins, Lace Curtains and Laces.

Modern Machinery and Latest Appliances for doing FINE WORK.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Leave Orders at Laundry, Grand Avenue, near Post Office.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS. Ladies and Children Free.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. CRAF, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of Flannels and Silks.

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE,

South San Francisco, Cal.

A BALLAD OF LOVING.

"Oh, Love will find the way, dear lass;"
  Quoth Colin to his queen,
As swiftly o'er the border side
  They fled to Gretna Green.
Fast, fast behind her father rides,
  But naught the lovers stay.
The goal is reached, the knot is tied,
  For Love has found the way.

"Oh, Love will find a way, dear lass"—
  That was in days of old;
Pray tell me, dainty, modern maid,
  Have lovers' hearts waxed cold?
If such a summons came to-night,
  Would you the call obey
And trust a voice that laughing, cried
  "Oh, Love will find the way."

"Oh, Love will find the way, dear lass—"
  Why doubt the saying's truth?
For what can check the passion tide
  'Twixt love-sick maid and youth;
Yes, Jill will nod assent to Jack
  Whene'er he choose to say:
"Come fly with me, the world is wide
  And Love will find the way."

"Oh, Love will find the way, dear lass,"
  And youth must have its due,
Though oft the story has been told
  The tale is ever new;
Just as it was in by-gone years
  So shalt it be to-day,
When artful Cupid tempts a maid
  Sweet Love will find the way.
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE WEDDING CORONAL

A VERY small room, in a very small house, with a very small fire burning in the grate—this is our scene. There was no ornament, unless the pure white curtains, and the yellow dimple of the April sunshine on a somewhat faded carpet might be characterized as such, and the fresh loveliness of two girls who sat in the apartment struck you like an incongruity, it seemed as if they must be there by mistake!

"Half a pound of beefsteak, Ruth, and a few potatoes, and a loaf of bread; that will do, I think," said the elder, thoughtfully, to a tall, gaunt old woman with a little market basket on her arm, who stood in the middle of the room, as if awaiting orders.

"Ain't that are a pretty clus' dinner for three, Miss Josephine?" said Ruth, giving her rusty black bonnet an extra twitch.

"I know it, Ruth," laughed the girl; "but we must regulate our expenditure according to our resources, you are aware. See!"

She held up a lank little purse as she spoke. Ruth smiled too—but she was looking, not at the purse, but at Josephine Carey, standing where the sunshine threaded her brown curls with gold and melted into hazel wells of light under her long dark lashes.

But she was not as regally beautiful as her sister. As Cecile Carey sat in the antique easy chair by the smoldering remnant of fire, it would scarcely have been difficult to fancy her a crowned queen.

She looked fretfully up from her embroidery as Josephine spoke.

"Ruth, do bring a few oranges for dessert—I cannot live on this beggarly diet!" she said.

"We cannot afford it, Cecile," interposed Josephine, gently.

Cecile pouted.

"You don't care whether I starve or not."

Josephine's lip quivered.

"Dearest Cecile! is it not better to bear up cheerfully and strive not to repine?"

"As if one could help repining in this dismal hole! And then since papa's bankruptcy and death our friends have all deserted us—of course, they would not come to such a place as this."

"Of course, then, they are not worth our regrets. But, Cecile, you should not say all. Mr. Archcliff has been here several times."

"Yes," said Cecile, a little consciously, as if she would have added, "And I defy him to stay away while I choose to keep him with a smile or a glance. "But, then, Josephine, he is our lawyer."

"The law business has long since come to an end," said Josephine, archly. "Never mind, Cecy, we won't investigate his motives too closely; and now, where is my sewing?"

Cecile looked rather scornfully at the plain calico dress which the busy fingers of her sister were working on.

"Things will be different when I am Mrs. Archcliff," she mused to herself. "I wonder if he will come here to-day; he has been absent since Wednesday. I wonder——"

And she resumed her embroidery, while her thoughts wandered away through the pearly colonnades and mist-bright homes of a Chateau d'Espagne, whose minarets and spires gleamed through the far-off sunshine of the future.

The sunshine was creeping up the wall like an ebbing tide of gold, and the coarse indices of the wooden mantel clock were pointing to somewhere about 5, that afternoon, when Ruth put her stiff muslin cap into the room where Cecile was dozing over a book, and Josephine still at work over the calico breadths.

"If you please, young ladies——"

"Well?" drawled Cecile, sleepily.

"Mr. Archcliff is here."

And, without further ceremony, she ushered the lawyer into the apartment.

A tall, stately man, somewhere between 30 and 40, with dark, heavy hair, straight features, and eyes full of quiet, thoughtful strength, he entered with the same chivalrous respect he had been wont to show the sisters when they dwelt in a superb mansion, and were clothed with purple and fine linen.

"I have come here on business," he said, breaking the momentary pause that ensued after the usual greetings; "business that imminently concerns both of you young ladies. While examining some wills and leases relating to an entirely different case, I accidentally stumbled on a clue which, when followed up, brought me to the knowledge that you are heirs to considerable property, which has for some years been enjoyed by those who possessed neither right nor title to it."

"The wretches!" interrupted Cecile, passionately.

"Nay," he said, gently, "the present possessor is quite ignorant that he has done any wrong, whatever suspicions his father may have had on the subject."

"And how soon—when——" stammered Cecile.

"Do you mean how soon do you come into possession?" he asked as she paused abruptly. "Within a very few weeks, I trust—as soon as the troublesome forms of law can be gone through with. Acting as your legal advisor, I have already given notice to the young man."

"Then it is a young man. Poor fellow!" sighed Josephine. "What sort of a person is it, Mr. Archcliff?"

"I know nothing, Miss Josephine, except that he is about 16, and a cripple."

"A cripple?"

"Yes; a martyr, I am told, to spinal disease."

"And is this the only property he possesses?"

"All, I believe."

"But tell me about it, Mr. Archcliff!" interrupted Cecile, with kindling eyes and deepening color. "This property—in what does it consist?"

"In Audley Hall and its estate to begin with, and, further, in stocks, land, mortgages and various railroad shares, amounting altogether, I think, to something like fifty thousand dollars."

"Twenty-five thousand each—that is very little," pouted Cecile, rather disappointed. Mr. Archcliff smiled.

"For you to gain, perhaps; but a great deal for him to lose."

He glanced at his watch and rose.

"I will see you again to-morrow morning, young ladies. In the meantime, I suppose I have your authority to proceed as expeditiously as possible?"

"Certainly," said Cecile, eagerly. "Pray let there be no delay that can be avoided. I am all impatience to come into my new property."

She smiled as she spoke—a smile that made her seem like some fair-haired angel. The lawyer looked at her with a long, penetrating glance, as he bowed good-by. Cecile wondered, with a beating heart, what that grave, wistful look meant.

"Put up that horrid calico thing, Josey!" she exclaimed, when they were alone together. "Don't, pray, work any more to-day. I'll send Ruth out after some oranges and wine jelly and iced cake and cream meringues, and we'll have a nice little banquet. Oh! if you knew how I have longed for these little dainties after our anchorite fare! Why are you looking so grave, Josephine. Why don't you rejoice with me?"

Josephine looked up into her sister's radiant face.

"Because, Cecile, I see nothing to justify us in any great amount of rejoicing."

"Nothing? Josephine Carey, what do you mean?"

Josephine rose and stood quietly before her sister.

"Cecy, look at me!"

"So I do look—what of it?"

"I am strong and healthy, am I not?"

"Yes—of course."

"With hands that are not useless and a heart that will not fail?"

"Yes."

"And do you suppose, Cecy, that I, with all these priceless blessings at my command, will stoop to take a poor cripple boy's inheritance from him?"

"But it is not his; it is ours!"

"No matter whose it is—I will not take it! Oh, Cecile; do you suppose my heart is of stone or adamant?"

"But Mr. Archcliff——"

"As a lawyer—as our lawyer, Mr. Archcliff has acted entirely right. He has discovered this inheritance and taken proper steps to place it in our hands—it is for us to decide whether we will accept it or not!"

"As if we should hesitate for a moment!"

"I shall not, Cecile; this poor cripple has greater need of the money than we."

"Josephine, are you in earnest?"

"I am."

Cecile grew scarlet with anger.

"Very well—you will do as you please. I shall not relinquish my share of this scanty property for a baseless whim. Is it not sufficient that this boy, or man, or whatever he is, has enjoyed our rights and comforts all his life?"

Josephine did not answer; she saw how useless it was to argue with her sister, but not the less was her own mind made up.

And when Mr. Archcliff called the next morning, Cecile detailed to him what she called her sister's absurd Quixotism.

"Say what I will, she cannot be turned from this ridiculous piece of folly," concluded Cecile, "and she wishes you to deed back her half of the estate and money to this young man."

"And you, Miss Cecile!"

"I? Oh, I am troubled with no such ultra scruples of conscience. I shall, of course, desire to come into possession as soon as possible. Audley Hall will be a very pleasant change after these miserably cramped quarters!"

"Does your sister accompany you?"

"Oh, no—she will remain here and open a little day school. The idea of Josephine Carey teaching school for a living!"

When Josephine returned from a brief walk, she found her sister in high spirits.

"Did you tell him, Cecy?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing at all—it is evident he is very highly displeased, however."

Josephine's heart sank within her.

"I must do my duty," she thought, pressing her hand to her throbbing temples, "no matter whom it may offend. My duty—my duty!"

It was almost a sob, in its agonized intensity.

"You will come and see me soon, at Audley Hall," said Cecile Carey, bending her sweet eyes on Mr. Archcliffe's grave brow, as he bade her adieu at the railroad depot. He bowed quietly and stepped back, just as the train began to move. Cecile drew a long breath.

"Strange that he has not proposed," she thought. "But there will be no lack of opportunities at Audley."

Selden Archcliff did not return directly to his office, although there was a considerable arrear of business awaiting him in those dingy precincts. He went, instead, to the little room where Josephine Carey was crying quietly on her sister's empty chair.

"I know I am very foolish," she faltered, "but my little school commences to-morrow, and I have such a brief time left for tears!"

It was the first time he had seen her since the evening he had brought tidings of the discovered inheritance. Since then she had shyly avoided his presence, dreading to read disapproval in his face. Now, however, there was no evading the ordeal—it must come!

"Miss Carey," he said earnestly regarding her, "I have come to speak to you with reference to this very unusual decision of yours respecting the Audley property. Few girls in your circumstances would have acted as you have done."

Her bright cheek caught a more vivid rose.

"You think I have acted wrongly?"

"Let me tell you what I think. It was a deed whose noble magnanimity is beyond all praise. You have abandoned comparative ease, and devoted yourself to a life of toil, because you thought it right. I am learning now for the first time the true emblems that dwell in a woman's nature. I loved you before—need I say how much dearer you are become to me now? My little heroine will you trust the priceless heart to me? will you be my wife?"

"But, Mr. Archcliff——"

"Well?"

"I fancied that you loved Cecile!"

He smiled, "I have loved you, dearest, since I knew you first, scarcely a year ago. But you have not answered my question yet!"

The soft brown eyes, dewy with a sense of great happiness that was in store for her, were raised to his with innocent frankness.

"I love you, Mr. Archcliff," she said with a shy dignity that was like herself. "But never dreamed you could love an insignificant little creature like me!"

He drew her toward him with a caressing fondness that was like new life to her starved heart! He loved her—that was enough!

The little school was never opened—and when Cecile read the long letter that reached her the very next mail, she bit her beautiful lips until the scarlet blood started.

"Fool that I have been!" she muttered. "And to think how skillfully that unconscious little Josey has played her cards! Audley Hall, indeed! Why the Archcliff estates are ten times as large! Fool! fool! to blunder with such a fatal mistake.

And the same June that brought a wreath of white roses to Josephine Carey's sunny curls brought also the dawn of a new bliss to her girl heart. Selden Archcliff thought his wife had never looked so lovely as she did on her wedding day!—New York News.

Evenly Divided.

A lesson in arithmetic is no joke,—a painful reality, rather,—yet a Boston schoolboy is alleged to have been inspired to humor by the very worst of the problems in long division.

After he had failed on the sums the teacher set, he asked permission to give one of his own. The privilege was granted.

"My aunt has eight children," he said, "and she doesn't like to favor one above another. She was at the market the other day, and she bought eight apples for them, one apiece; but when she got home she found she'd lost one apple. All the same, she divided the apples so as to give each child the same number. How did she do it?"

The class hadn't got along to fractions, and the boy insisted that his aunt knew nothing about algebra. So the puzzled teacher finally asked: "Well, how did she divide the seven apples so as to give each of the eight children an equal number?"

"She made apple sauce."

Disappointed.

"With the promising idea of naming my boys," said a white-haired man "so that there could be no nicknames—which I have always detested—in the family, we called the first Edmund, the second Edward, the third Edgar, the fourth Edwin, the fifth Edson, and the sixth Egbert."

"That surely served your purpose, didn't it?" asked one of the listeners.

"Not at all," rejoined the patriarch, rather shamefacedly. "Beginning with the eldest, they were known as Eddie, Chuck, Bim, Snorkey, Muggins, and Pete, and every mother's son of them answered proudly to his nickname."

Don't place too much confidence in the smooth individual. It is the rough cogs in the wheels that make the clock reliable.

HOT WEATHER WRAPS

THEY ARE SURPRISINGLY NUMEROUS AND STRIKING.

The Automobile of Light-Weight Material Seems to Be a Favorite—They Indicate What Wraps for Autumn Will Be.

New York correspondence:

ARM weather wraps are surprisingly numerous and striking. Not since the automobile coat first put in its appearance had such stunning garments been worn. Some are downright loud, while many more have a distinctly sporty look. The automobile is the excuse for these garments, and, as when yachting suits are stylish girls will wear them who would not dare get off dry land, so young women wear these striking coats who never ride in a private horseless vehicle. Still the garments are jaunty and aside from the very loud ones are to be welcomed in a season that indorses so many styles that characteristic features are few. Some of the long and three quarter length coats are stunning and show beautiful workmanship. Even those who do not take up the longer coats for summer should take satisfaction in them since they indicate a pleasing variety of wraps for next winter, the rule being to increase attention to wraps with fall, rather than to lessen it. The artist sketches here an interesting quartet of garments worn now and that are pretty sure to be repeated in heavier fabrics in the autumn. In the small picture is a black taffeta cloak, with edging of narrow silver braid and broad sleeve puffs of cream all-over lace. First in the next picture is a coat of light weight tan broadcloth, stitched with delicate green silk floss. Next comes a raglan of Indian pongee stitched and trimmed with bands of Bulgarian embroidery. Last is shown a grass linen garment trimmed with stitched bands of white pique. Grass linen, pongee and black silk coats are not made very elaborate, being intended for rough or general wear. Black silk usually is finished with bands of stitched taffeta. All are made raglan, semi-fitting or loose all around. Pongee three-quarter length coats are piped with plaid silk and look very stunning. The flowing bell sleeve is a favorite in these garments.

The evening wraps are very handsome. Delicate colored brocaded silks with Venetian lace collars are seen, and three-quarter coats for evening wear have Venetian lace boleros and flowing lace sleeves. Pale yellow and corn color are favorite shades for these coats. The neck generally is finished with a wired lace collar with ruffles of chiffon inside. Sometimes a boa of feathers or chiffon gives neck finish.

Probably it could be truthfully said that not a few of the current midsummer dresses will carry over to fall. But it's hot, and it would be unkind to hint pointedly that many of us are wearing a greater weight of clothing than is needed. However, summer fashions are settled, so the chief interest in the fine gowns worn now is the question as to how many of their features will continue. Certainly there's too much of ingenuity and fine taste in the current showing to be permitted to die away two months hence. So some of the more promising features are pictured or described herein. One feature of striking beauty is the organdy dress that is appliqued with ecru or ivory white lace, narrow gathered ribbon of delicate color outlining the pattern of the lace. Sometimes the ruffle or Spanish flounce is of the lace, and when outlined with the ribbon looks very handsome. White with pink ribbon is a pretty combination. Crepe de chine dresses of all the delicate colors have handsome flounces of applique chiffon flowers edged at the foot with tiny ruffles of pleated chiffon. The applique flowers look as though they would fall apart if roughly handled, and, of course, the gowns are very perishable. They are used for evening wear mostly.

Three handsome dresses whose beauties may be carried over appear in the last of these pictures. The first model was white dotted swiss. The underskirt was finished with three narrow ruffles edged with black chiffon quilling, and a rich application of Cluny lace flowers appeared on the overskirt. Yoke, sleeves and collar were smocked black chiffon, the sleeves taking the off-shoulder effect, whose revival is rumored. The second gown of these three combined gray nun's veiling and white mull, heavy ecru lace giving the bolero. The third dress was composed of alternate bands of tucked white lawn and black mechlin insertion. Heavy ivory lace threaded with gold finished the bodice. All-white lawn gowns are many, and the same is true of muslin. The newest idea for the latter is a combination of white dotted muslin with plain muslin, the plain goods being used for numerous tiny ruffles on skirt and bodice. Embroidered white muslin trimmed with real lace and narrow green or crimson velvet ribbon is another new combination. These usually are worn with large black Neapolitan straw hats trimmed with a bunch or one single plume. Dotted linen colored mull and plain linen mull are seen combined very often. They usually are trimmed with narrow bands of bright green ribbon, the girdle belt being of the velvet.

Less gold is seen on millinery and dresses, but evening dresses glitter with sequin and paillette embroidery and the new colored Roman pearls. Pearl pear drops are used to finish off lace ends, ribbons, etc. Ribbons play a part in ball dresses, the loveliest of gauze ribbon, shot with gold and embroidered with colored silks.

JULY'S AUTOMOBILE COATS.

MIDSUMMER STYLES DESERVING OF CONTINUANCE.

WHY NEW YORK LEADS TRADE.

Her Route to the West Has the Least Resistance Against Gravity.

The completion of the Erie canal revolutionized the trade of the United States. Before its opening Philadelphia was the commercial metropolis of the country, and nearly all the foreign commerce, except that landing at Boston, passed over its docks. At that time, moreover, many if not most of the vessels discharging at the ports of the United States returned in ballast. With the completion of the canal there was an open door between the East and the West, and thereafter every vessel discharging at New York was certain of a return cargo. Under such circumstances is it strange that the foreign commerce should concentrate itself at the latter port?

There was another item, too; wheat, which was $1.50 a bushel at New York, brought just one-third of that sum at Buffalo; the difference in price represented the cost of transportation. With the completion of the canal the latter was reduced to 40 cents and the farmer got the other 60. Is it surprisprising that with such tremendous gains New York should have become the Empire State? And yet it was all in the selection of the natural trade route—the line of least resistance—the minimum lift against gravity.

And even to this day the same trade route is making history as rapidly as it did in the early decades of the century. From Buffalo to New York City a magnificent railway system, with its six tracks, parallels the canal and the Hudson estuary. From Buffalo to tide water the millions of tons of freight are lifted in the aggregate about 500 feet; from Chicago along the shores of the two lakes it is not far from 1,100 feet.

In the case of the trans-Appalachian roads the aggregate of upgrades varies from 3,000 to 5,000 feet. This is the entire lift against gravity. And that lift means hundreds of extra locomotives and train crews. It means, moreover, that in the first the cost of transportation between the East and the West must be reckoned on the basis of the Mohawk gap route; and, whatever may be the economic history of the United States in the future, its development will be inseparably connected with this great line of least resistance.

The Bachelor's Soliloquy.

To wed or not to wed? That is the question.
Whether 'tis wiser in the mind to suffer
The hash and tough steak of the boarding-house,
Or to make love to a maiden, and, marrying her,
End all my tribulations. Eat ancient prunes
No more; and in a minute to say we end
The stomach-ache, and the thousand awful pains
Boarders are heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To wed, to marry;
To wed, perchance to scrap; aye, there's the rub!
For in my nightly rest what curtain lectures.
When I have shuffled off this bachelor's coil
Must give me pause? There's the respect
That makes calamity of married life;
For who could bear each night her awful tirade.
The kid's shrill yells, the walking up and down
With it; the blamed inevitable tack;
The frequent visits of the mother-in-law.
Who makes the home to you a very inferno.
When he himself might live in blissful peace
As a bachelor? Who could put up with this.
To grunt and sweat under such dreadful tortures.
But that the thought her popper might go off
To the undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveler returns, resolves the mind.
And makes him soon forget the ills he'll have
And enter in the sea of matrimony?
Thus conscience must be deadened, laid aside.
And thus the native line of resolution
Is smothered o'er with a gay cast of thought.
And enterprise of great profit and moment
With this regard, their currents flow dead sure,
And gain for us the dough. Soft you now!
The dinner bell! God grant there may not be
Too many flies in the soup.
—St. Louis Star.

Lemons for the Toilet.

Few women nowadays but know the value of lemons and the fruit is so cheap that the toilet table should not be without this "little yellow doctor," as some call it. Lemon juice is whitening either for the hands, neck or face. A piece of lemon rubbed on the teeth removes discoloration, but the teeth must be brushed afterward or the acid will injure them. A piece of lemon tossed in the wash water is refreshing and likewise softens the water.

Prudence.

"What made you jump into the midst of the fight?" inquired the friend. "You had nothing to do with the feud those men were trying to settle."

"That's perfectly true," answered Colonel Stilwell. "But I had to take sides one way or the other. I couldn't take chances on being an innocent bystander."—Washington Star.

Reportorial Regrets.

"So you don't feel like working," said the city editor.

"Not at all," answered the new journalist. "I remind myself of an English general in South Africa. I regret my report."—Washington Star.

Automobiles as Transport Wagons.

Experiments in France have proved convincing, and the French believe they are certain to play a role of much importance in modern warfare. It is odd to note the different uses to which nature and science are put. On the battlefield they fight for the destruction of life, while throughout the country, Hostetters Stomach Bitters fights to preserve it. For fifty years the Bitters has been curing dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation and biliousness. It will also prevent malaria, fever and ague.

Ye can't lick the onriness out o' a mule when it's born in him.

Disfigured Skin

Wasted muscles and decaying bones.

What havoc!

Scrofula, let alone, is capable of all that, and more.

It is commonly marked by bunches in the neck, inflammations in the eyes, dyspepsia, catarrh, and general debility.

It is always radically and permanently cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Which expels all humors, cures all eruptions, and builds up the whole system, whether young or old.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills: the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Of'en the folks thet hev the littlest to say is doin' the most thinkin'.

Don't Accept a Substitute!

When you ask for Cascarets, be sure you get the genuine Cascarets Candy Cathartic! Don't accept fraudulent substitutes, imitations or counterfeits!

Fryer's Abietene Cough Balsam saves Doctor Bills

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Mem. for Good Health.

Today drink some "Castlewood" Bourbon, or Rye Whisky. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributers, San Francisco.

Adams' Sarsaparilla Pills cure sick headaches, constipation, biliousness and dyspepsia. They also purify the blood. Sold in 10c and 25c boxes by all druggists.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Got Grip? Try Fryer's Abietene Cough Balsam

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine **Laxative Bromo-Quinine** Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

The dog star is the brightest star in the firmament. It was so called by the Egyptians because it watched the rising of the Nile.

The Prayer Before Gettysburg.

General Daniel Sickles told a story illustrating the tenderness of President Lincoln's heart as well as his faith in Providence and his beautiful optimism.

After Sickles had been wounded at Gettysburg he was removed to Washington, and the president called on him at the hospital. When the general described the battle and the awful slaughter, "Lincoln wept like a child."

"While the two armies were converging," said Lincoln, "I went into my room and prayed as I never prayed before. I told God that if we were to win the battle he must do it, for I had done all that I could. I went from my room with a great load lifted from my shoulders, and from that moment I never had a doubt as to the result. We shall hear good news from Grant, who has been pounding away at Vicksburg for so many months. I am in a prophetic mood today, Sickles, and I say that you will get well."

"The doctors do not say so."

"I don't care, Sickles, you will get well," persisted the president.

And that afternoon, General Sickles goes on to say, a telegram was received from General Grant announcing the fall of Vicksburg. His own recovery soon followed.

A Miller's Monument.

A big millstone monument over a modest miller's grave is a unique sight near Graytown, O. The millstone is located in the center of an old burying ground and can be seen a mile away, coming down the hill.

It marks the last resting place of a happy miller of the old school, who knew not the cares or worries of a rising or falling grain market, but who ground his corn and wheat for his neighbors and lived contentedly on his small profits.

Chiseled on the back of the monument is this poem:

A MILLER'S MONUMENT.
[A millstone taken from his mill.]
Beneath this stone a miller lies,
Who left the world before the rise
Of modern ways of making flour
And hence passed many a happy hour.
He was not forced to speculate
Nor on Chicago's movement wait.
He did not care for foreign trade,
But sold his neighbors all he made.
Cables and telegrams were rare;
The markets did not make him swear.
Small was his mill, his profits round;
Clear was his head, his slumbers sound.
He envied none, he was envied not
And died contented with his lot.

—Cincinnati Star.

SSS and OLD PEOPLE

Bad Circulation is the cause of most of the ills that come with old age. With advancing years there is a decline of strength and vigor—the machinery of the body moves with less speed and accuracy. Because of the weak and irregular action of the heart the blood moves more slowly, becomes impure and loses much of its life-sustaining properties, and muscles, tissues and nerves literally starve for lack of nourishment. A sluggish and polluted circulation is followed by a long train of bodily ailments. Cold feet, chilly sensations up and down the spine, poor appetite and digestion, soreness of the muscles, rheumatic pains, hard and fissured skin, face sores, chronic running ulcers on the lower limbs and other parts of the body—these and many other diseases peculiar to old people are due to a lack of healthy blood and imperfect circulation. Restoration to health must come through the building up and purification of the blood, thus adding strength and tone to the vital organs and quick, healthy action to the circulation.

S. S. S. being strictly a vegetable blood remedy and the best tonic, makes it the most valuable and efficacious of all medicine for old people. It is free from all mineral ingredients, and mild and pleasant in its action. It cures blood diseases of every character, even those inherited or contracted in early life. As the system gets under the influence of S. S. S. there is a marked improvement in the general health, and as richer and purer blood begins to circulate through the body the appetite improves, and there is a softness and elasticity about the skin that you have not noticed for years; sores begin to heal, pains in muscles and joints gradually cease, and you find that it is possible to be happy and healthy even in old age.

Our medical department is in charge of physicians who make a study of blood and skin diseases. If you would like to have their opinion and advice in your case, write them all about it and you shall receive such information and advice as you want. This will cost you nothing. Others have found our medical department of great benefit to them—their cure being much more rapid as the result of some special directions received from our physicians.

Don't be your own doctor when you can get medical advice free. Book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed to all who desire it.

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If so, write to **Dr. R. W. Rogers**, 637 Kearny Street, San Francisco, enclosing a description of your symptoms, and he will treat you and furnish all medicines for the small sum of $4.00 per month. The Doctor has had 30 years experience in the treatment of Chronic Diseases, and can guarantee perfect satisfaction to every patient he may treat.

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"Greenbank" Pure 100% Caustic Potash and 98% Powd. Caustic Soda.

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SUMMER is BEST TIME to CURE Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption

Our remedy is GUARANTEED; $1.00. P. O. Box 978

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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

S. F. N. U. No. 31, 1901

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

A VERY CURIOUS BIRD.

The One Young Mark Twain Sprung Upon the Scientists.

Mark Twain's father was an ornithologist. He had several friends who were also enthusiasts on the subject of birds. Whenever any one of them discovered a rara avis it was the custom to have a consultation. Mark had been a witness of several of these bird inquests and had noted the delight the old men took in discussing a new found specimen. One day it occurred to him to provide the Hannibal ornithologists with a real circus in the form of a bird. He killed a crow and also a barnyard rooster. Plucking out the tail feathers of both the crow and the rooster, he substituted the rooster's tail feathers for those of the crow, producing a unique effect. When he had the specimen nicely prepared, he went to his father and, handing it to him, said:

"Here, father, is a very curious bird I shot. I thought you would be interested in it."

The old gentleman gazed upon the specimen with astonishment. That evening the ornithologists of Hannibal were assembled in Mr. Clemens' parlor. The rare specimen was put before them. The discussion was long and learned. The opinions expressed were various. One thought the bird was an offshoot of the bird of paradise family; others had equally ridiculous notions as to its ancestry. But there was one who refused to be swerved by the peculiarity of the bird's tail from the judgment that it was of the crow family.

"Why, just look here," he said, lifting the bird by its tail feathers. He got no further. The feathers came out. There was a quick closing of a door. Mr. Clemens started to leave the room.

"Gentlemen," he said, "please excuse me a few moments. I will see Samuel first and explain later."

SIGNALING TO MARS.

The Difficulty of Doing So by Means of Light.

The very largest city that this earth has ever known would be altogether too small to be visible to a being dwelling on the planet Mars, even if that being were endeavoring to see it with a telescope as powerful as the greatest and most perfect instrument in any observatory on this globe.

If the whole extent of Lake Superior was covered with petroleum and if that petroleum was set on fire, then, I think, we may admit that an inhabitant of Mars who was furnished with a telescope as good as that which Percival Lowell uses at Flagstaff might be able to see that something had happened. But we must not suppose that the mighty conflagration would appear to the Martian as a very conspicuous object. It would, rather, be a very small feature, but still I think it would not be beyond the reach of a practiced observer in that planet.

On the other hand, if an area the size of Lake Superior on Mars was to be flooded with petroleum and that petroleum was to be kindled, we should expect to witness the event from here not as a great and striking conflagration, but as a tiny little point of just discernible light. The disk of Mars is not a large object, and the conflagration would not extend over the three hundredth part of that disk.

It is sufficient to state these facts to show that the possibility of signaling to Mars is entirely beyond the power of human resources.—Sir Robert S. Ball in Independent.

The Right Side.

"I wouldn't fight, my good man," said the peacemaker.

"But he called me a thief, sir!" exclaimed one of the combatants.

"And he called me a lazy loafer!" cried the other.

"Well," said the peacemaker serenely, "I wouldn't fight over a difference of opinion. You may both be right."—Tit-Bits.

Russ House, San Francisco, Has Been Completely Modernized.

Within the past year there has been a great demand made by those visiting the city for accommodations that have a semblance to their home surroundings. Realizing this want, Colonel J. S. Young of the Russ House has gone to an expense of over $70,000 to obtain the desired result. The first step taken was to tear down the plastering in every room. Over 1000 loads of old plastering were carted away before the work of modernizing the house was completed. From one end of the hotel to the other has been repapered and repainted, while new furnishings are to be seen on every hand. The building now contains twenty-one suites of rooms which have private bath adjoining and over 300 other rooms for those who wish for less pretentious accommodations. The new plumbing is of the most modern and sanitary kind, and has been inspected by the local health authorities, who have given their indorsement to it, as being the most complete in the city. An electric service is now in use throughout the building, while every room is supplied with hot and cold water. The locksmith has visited all the doors and put on new locks of the most improved pattern. These locks have a set bolt which can only be opened from the inside.

The Russ House is famous for the good table it sets. In fact, many of the business men who have offices in the insurance district are to be seen at the noon hour in the dining room. A visit to the kitchen shows that none of the Oriental races are employed, and there is a cleanliness that speaks well for the thoroughness of the management. This part of the hotel is so situated that it is by itself, and there is no chance of the odor of cooking being found outside its doors. In fact, the Russ House is one of the most modern hotels in the city and the latest to be thoroughly renovated. It is an ideal place at which to stop. Everything is congenial, and one feels at home the moment he passes the front doors.—S. F. Post, July 26th.

A STARTLING STORY

TOLD BY A KANSAS CITY NEWS AGENT.

In an Interview He Relates How He Accomplished What Many Others Have Failed to Do.

Jack Williams, of No. 401 Delaware street, says the Kansas City, Mo., Journal, is well known as an enterprising news agent and a thoroughly reliable man. He had been a sufferer from kidney trouble and endured much pain from it until recently, when he tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and with such success that within a short time he was entirely and permanently cured. To a reporter he said:

"For two years I had pains in the back constantly, causing me serious inconvenience. But I did not attempt to do anything for my complaint until the latter part of last winter, when I saw an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and decided to see what they would do for me. I was relieved within one week after I began taking them; the pains disappeared and so complete was the cure that I have not found it necessary to take further treatment nor have I been troubled at all by the disease since."

Kidney complaint is an insidious disease. First come almost unnoticed pains in the back and some slight inconvenience. The pains grow gradually worse and the inconvenience greater till finally, if not given medical treatment, the person suffers awful torture and becomes unfit to follow his ordinary occupation. Blood poisoning sets in, the constitution is wrecked and death often results.

Mr. Williams took the one unfailing remedy and was readily cured within a few weeks. His statement was sworn to before Lionel Moise, a notary public, and the facts above will bear the most searching investigation. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will not only effect a cure in cases similar to the one above, but, acting directly upon the blood and nerves, are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, after-effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions and all forms of weakness either in male or female. At all druggists or direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y. Price 50 cents per box; six boxes, $2.50.

HOITT'S SCHOOL,

At Menlo Park, San Mateo County, Cal., with its beautiful surroundings, perfect climate, careful supervision, thorough instruction, complete laboratories and gymnasium, easily maintains its position in the front rank of schools for boys on the Pacific Coast. Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., Principal.

For Consumption try Fryer's Abietene Cough Balsam.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa

The Best Prescription for Malaria

Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

An Editor and a Golden Hair.

"One beautiful spring morning an editor found a golden hair lying between the pages of a manuscript," writes Edward Bok in The Ladies' Home Journal. "The moment he reached the page it gracefully fluttered out. Flushed with excitement, the editor caught it. It was not his hair, he argued, therefore it was not his property. Then, again, he thought, the owner probably lost it and might need it. So he put it back. He was a methodical man, and he replaced it exactly as he had found it. He was not many days older when he received a letter proving by the very hair he had so dexterously caught and conscientiously replaced that he never had read or even opened the manuscript of the writer. Could anything have been a clearer case against the editor? Most certainly not. It was conclusive and final, don't you see?"

A Little Drama.

In the morning a workman kissed his wife and children and went to help a hundred others tear down a building.

During the day he slipped and fell.

Then came an ambulance and a hospital and then a bit of black crape on an obscure door.

His children went on without their father.

His wife, whose life had been bound up in that of her husband, grew pale and died.

Helplessness killed the little ones.

Yet in speaking of the accident men said:

"It was not so bad. Only one man was killed."—Chicago Journal.

Frogs as Scavengers.

Frogs are fine scavengers, destroying great quantities of decaying animal substance in springs and brooks and keeping the water pure, thus proving themselves most worthy of kind treatment and preservation. They devour, too, great numbers of insects, including flies and mosquitoes. In spite their queer shape, they are remarka expert jumpers and swimmers, and many a boy has learned from them both how to play leapfrog and how to swim.

If you are troubled with pimples, sallow complexion, impure blood or poor digestion, use Adams' Sarsaparilla Pills. They improve the complexion and positively cure constipation. 10c, 25c, at all drug stores.

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TAKING

When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

KILL THE DANDRUFF GERM

Or Your Hair Will Fall Out Till You Become Bald.

Modern science has discovered that dandruff is caused by a germ that digs up the scalp in scales, as it burrows down to the roots of the hair, where it destroys the hair's vitality, causing falling hair, and, ultimately, baldness. After Prof. Unna, of Hamburg, Germany, discovered the dandruff germ, all efforts to find a remedy failed until the great laboratory discovery was made which resulted in Newbro's Herpicide. It alone of all other hair preparations kills the dandruff germ. Without dandruff, hair grows luxuriantly. "Destroy the cause, you remove the effect."

The famous Gilt Edge Whiskey is for sale by first-class dealers in your community, and is especially recommended to those that have not tried it. Call for it the next time you want a good whiskey. Wichman, Lutgen & Co., San Francisco, Cal., sole proprietors for U. S. A.

The demand for all kinds of engineers and surveyors from the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines is so great that the Van der Naillen School of Engineering of San Francisco has sent recently to those Islands three mining engineers, six assayers and two land surveyors. Now is the time for young men to study engineering.

Fryer's Abietene Cough Balsam guaranteed for Croup.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

SYSTEMIC CATARRH

Peculiar to Summer Weather Promptly Cured by Pe-ru-na.

MISS MARIE COATS.

Miss Marie Coats, President of the Appleton Young Ladies' Club, writes the following concerning Peruna:

Appleton, Wis.

The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.: [redacted]

Gentlemen—"I find Peruna an excellent spring and summer medicine and am glad to call the attention of my friends to it. When that languid, tired feeling comes over you, and your food no longer tastes good, and small annoyances irritate you, Peruna will make you feel like another person inside of a week. I have now used it for three seasons and find it very reliable and efficacious."—Marie Coats.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

That Cough needs Fryer's Abietene Cough Balsam.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

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"CASCARETS do all claimed for them and are a truly wonderful medicine. I have often wished for a medicine pleasant to take and at last have found it in Cascarets. Since taking them my blood has been purified and my complexion has improved wonderfully and I feel much better in every way." MRS. SALLIE E. SELLARS, Luttrell, Tenn.

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Is a great restorative, invigorator and nervine. A wonderful aphrodi iac and special tonic for both sexes. The Mexican remedy for diseases of the k dneys and bladder. Sells on its merits.

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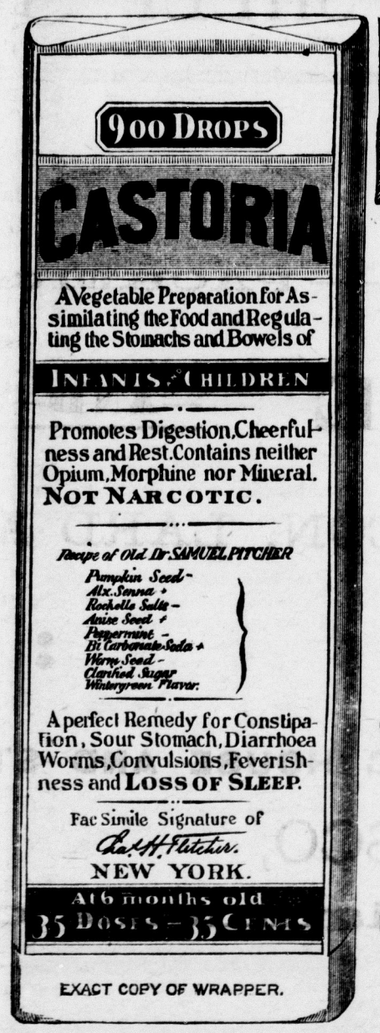

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

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TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE.**

Upwards of $2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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